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CORINTHIA;

OR,

UPPER-TENDOM ON A CRUISE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Allow me to introduce to you Miss Thais Buttonwood, daughter of Daniel Buttonwood, a retired merchant—retired because he has made more money than he knows what to do with, the annual income of which would be a fortune in the eyes of any person less reasonable than a Girard or an Astor. Miss Thais Buttonwood, sister of Marcus Buttonwood, who is the fastest of the Fifth avenue *rapidities*, and calls himself a *Corinthian*, because he excels in driving fast horses, using the pugilistic gloves, and such exercises as develope the muscles, and still others which deplete plethoric purses,

Allow me to introduce you to her as she rushes into an elegant *boudoir*, in a very charming bloomer dress; her fine, but rather bold face flushed with violent exercise; her well-developed bust heaving and panting like the swell of the ocean; her dark brown tresses all astray over her lovely neck and shoulders; her great blue eyes full of light and pleasure.

Into her *boudoir* she rushes, sinks panting on a sofa, and rings a bell.

A female servant attends her in a moment.

"Lucy, go and tell Robert, the butler, to make me a strong sangaree, and to send me a nice lunch right away! I'm in a hurry, for my exercise is over, and I expect Miss Fanny Moreton here this morning."

"She is already here, Miss Thais. I was coming to tell you so when you rung your bell."

"Then bring her right up here, and tell the butler to send more lunch, and coffee and cordials. Make haste, for brother Marcus has almost tired me out this morning."

The servant retired, and in a few moments Miss Fannie Moreton, an elegantly dressed and very handsome lady, of, perhaps, twenty years' lifetime—two in advance of Thais, at least—entered the room.

"Oh, Fannie, I am *so* glad to see you!" cried Thais, as she rose to embrace and welcome her friend. "Don't look astonished at my dress. I've just come from my exercise with brother Marcus in our gymnasium. I commenced with a game of billiards, beating him ten points in a hundred. Then I fenced with him half an hour, and did very well. Then I put on the gloves, and it was give and take between us for another half hour. Oh, I tell you it was splendid! He says there isn't a half dozen amateurs in town that could stand up in the ring with me. You ought to see me give it to him right and left, left and right!"

"It must be very fatiguing," said Miss Moreton, who was evidently one of those *Dudu*-like characters whose most violent exercise, by choice, would consist in walking through a quadrille, playing an overture on the piano, or a favorite piece for Marcus Buttonwood on the harp. For Marcus was a "catch," and as her own prospects in a financial way were not very brilliant, though she was a belle in upper-tendom, she was anxious to catch him.

"It was at first, but I've got used to it now, and Marcus says I stand it like a buck," said Thais. "Oh, how I wish I was a man, so that I could go out and see some fun. It would be so nice to visit the gay saloons where the fast boys congregate, and if any of them got saucy, to put them 'through a course of sprouts,' as Marcus says he does sometimes. But here comes lunch. I've ordered a sherry sangaree, Fannie; I suppose you cannot go in for anything so heavy as that. I've sent for coffee and cordials for you. I suppose you like *parfait d'amour*—eh, *mon cher*? Don't blush now, Fannie. We all like that, you know, in moderate doses."

"'An honest confession is good for the soul'—so the parsons say," cried a pleasant voice at the door; and Marcus Buttonwood, a fine, manly-looking fellow of twenty-one or two, stepped into the room, without ceremony.

And now Miss Fannie Moreton did blush a little, *interestingly*, as Marcus shook her gloved hand and told her that she looked so remarkably well that he would not insult her by asking after her health.

"And you'd look better yet, Miss Fannie, if you took half as much exercise as I put sis through every day," said he.

"I know I should take more exercise," said Miss Fannie, while her dark eyes sought the shadow of the long, silken lashes. "But I have no such opportunities at home as Thais has here—no kind brother to assist me in such exercises.

And she sighed very gently, and raised her great black eyes with a quick and excellently affected glance of timidity to his.

"Oh, that shall be no excuse. If you will join in our exercise, I'll put you in a class with sister. You play billiards, of course?"

"No. I am sorry, since your sister likes the game, that I do not."

"We can soon learn you—can't we, sis?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll be your teacher, Fannie; but you can't play or exercise in them 'long togs,' as brother calls them. You must go with me to Madame Demorest's, and have a bloomer suit made. That leaves you free for action, don't it bub? See, Fannie, see!"

And Thais sprung to her feet and squared off at her brother in a style which would have made half the "feather weights" of the P. R. mad with envy.

"I rather think we'd better pitch into the lunch, sis," said Marcus, laughing. "Robert will bring me a better *punch* than you can give me. And then we'll go down into the drawing-room and hear a little music from the lips of *la belle Fannie*."

"What! music before dinner, Marcus? You are getting heathenish," said Thais, with a laugh. "None but pupils and their half-starved Dutch teachers ever make morning hideous with music! We'll lunch, and then you can order the carriage, and attend Fannie and me on a shopping tour. Those are your *orders*—do you understand?"

"Yes. I suppose, since you're two to one, I'll have to give in. At present, as I'm thirsty and hungry—don't be shocked, Miss Fannie—I'm in for lunch."

And the trio commenced paying attention to the large tray of edibles and bibibles brought in by the butler. Marcus and his sister showed the benefits of exercise by their appetites, but Miss Fannie, more etherial, sipped a little cordial and nibbled a piece of cake, and declared she was dining instead of lunching.

"You'll find an appetite after you've exercised with us for a week or two;" said Marcus, smiling at her delicate efforts.

It was three weeks later—the scene, the same boudoir

Fannie Moreton looking taller, fuller, handsomer in every way, stood there panting as we first saw Thais, in a bloomer dress. And Thais, her cheeks as red as a moss rose and her eyes as bright as the early dew on the same, stood laughing by her side.

"Oh, it was capital!" said the little beauty. "Here you are—only a pupil of three weeks, beating your master. Marcus had more than his hands full with the gloves this morning. When you drew the claret from his 'smeller' you made me laugh myself half to death! Oh, if we were only men, what fun we'd have. I should so like to take a tour around town and visit Harry's club. I know the pass-word to his club!"

"Do you? Suppose we dress up and go there. I think we could so disguise ourselves with false moustaches, brown paint, and wigs over our own hair, that, dressed as men, we could go anywhere. And with canes, and our knowledge in the various arts of self-defence, I think we could walk our way through any trouble that might come! It would be a good joke on Marcus, for we could tell him after we had got home, what he had been doing in his club, and 'twould puzzle him to know how we found out!"

"So it would! Fannie you're a girl after my own heart. I never saw such a change for the better as you've made in three weeks. You are twice as handsome as you used to be—brother says so, and I'm sure he's a good judge of beauty!"

Fannie blushed—but it was a blush of pleasure. She was playing hard for her game, and began to think she held a winning hand. For no other game than the hand of one whose wealth and position would place her in the highest ranks of financial and social upper-tendom would she have sunk her natural delicacy, and forced herself out of her natural love for ease and dreamy quiet. Ambition alone forced her to what at first was a terrible task, and even yet was not a pleasure.

"Well, what say you, Thais, dear? Shall we get disguises, and take as your brother calls it, 'a cruise around town to-night?'"

"Yes—Fannie—yes, by all means. You get the wigs, moustaches and dresses. I'll get a pair of revolvers, and a couple of fancy canes, and we must have boots—good large ones, for if we have a fit, our feet would betray us. Good large gloves too—and cigars—how will you do, *you* can't smoke, Fannie, though *I* can?"

"It is not every gentleman that smokes," said Fannie with a laugh. "Smoking is a *habit*, not a fashion, thanks to grace! But let us go to your dressing room and change our dresses. I want to feel like a lady once more!"

"So that a change to a masculine dress this evening will *be* a change. Eh, darling? Well, come along!"

And whistling a quick march, Thais led the way to her dressing room.

Broadway as usual was all aglare with light that evening, light from frequent street lamps, light from the millions of gas jets in the showy windows, light from the calcium wonder on Barnum's Museum. The hour was ten or eleven, few *ladies* were on the promenade, yet many females were there.

On a corner not far from the Park, and close by a saloon patronized mostly by men who glory in the name of "sports," stood a couple of rough looking men, dressed not genteely, but flashily. They had just come up from the saloon in the basement, and were discussing some plan of operations for the night, when a couple of very fine looking and well-dressed young men leisurely walking down the street, attracted their attention.

"I say, Miller," said one of them, a square-shouldered, black-muzzled fellow—"there's a couple of flats, I'll bet. Green as *cowcumbers*—couldn't we ring 'em in somewhere?"

"No harm, Sam, in trying! Let's see where they're going to, and if we can pick 'em it's all O. K. That smallest chap has got a pretty diamond in his shirt, and the other one carries a ticker by the looks of that guard on his vest! Come along!"

And as the young men passed, they were followed in silence and very closely by the men just introduced to your notice.

Not noticing that they were followed, the two young men in very effeminate voices conversed loud enough to be heard by those behind them.

"I don't wan't to go to the club till after midnight—then I've heard brother say they're in full blast!" said the smallest one. "What shall we do to kill time until then, Frank?"

"Go into some billiard room to pass away time. There's no fun in walking the streets. Oh, there's a sign down that street, Fulton, isn't it? OTIS FIELD, BILLIARDS; that's the place for us."

"You're right, Frank—we can play two or three games, and then be all right and in time for the club."

And the two young men, closely followed by the black muzzled sports, turned down Fulton street and entered a saloon which was filled with elegant tables, all of which were occupied, except one at the farther end of the room.

"Will you have a game, gentlemen?" asked an elderly person, whose smile was as bright as the early sunrise of a May morning.

"Yes, if you please," said Frank.

"And shall I bring you anything to steady your nerves for the contest, gentlemen?" continued the pleasant-looking and soft-spoken elderly person, as he took the billiard balls from a drawer in his well-stocked bar.

"A couple of sherry cobblers, if you please," said the younger of the two.

Mr. Field, for he was the smiling elderly person, gave the order to his bar-keeper, and took the balls to the table, and pointed out the cue rack to his new customers, that they might choose cues for themselves, while he spotted the balls.

This done, he called his son, a bright-eyed boy of twelve or fourteen, to mark the game, and returned to the bar. And a frown gathered on his pleasant face, as he saw the two men we have before spoken of, seat themselves in a position where they could look at the game on the last table. For he knew who and what they were, and they were not of a class that he wished in or about his establishment.

The two young men played well, and it required but a little time for them to run out three games. This done, Frank looked at his watch and said:—

"It is time we were going up town, Thay! It is nearly twelve!"

"Well, I am ready. What is to pay, my young friend?" asked the other, addressing the boy.

"Pay father at the bar," said the latter.

The two young men put up their cues and went to the bar, where they paid their bill, and then they went out, closely followed by the two "sports," or rather "roughs," who had sat smoking while they played.

The young men had not reached Broadway, when young Field overtook them, and told them his father wanted to see them, they had forgotten something.

Though they could think of nothing which they had forgotten, they returned instantly, passing, as they did, the curs on their track, one of whom growled to the other.

"I'll bet drinks that d—d old cuss is going to put them chaps on their guard about us!"

And it was so. Otis had noticed the men's looks; he knew their characters, and he had called his young customers back to warn them of their danger, and to put them upon their guard against the men whom he so well described, that they remembered having seen them while they were playing. The young men thanked him, and at his earnest solicitation, took a glass of wine with him, and went out again.

They had not gone ten steps before they saw and recognized the two men whom Field had described. Appearing not to notice them, the young men passed on to Broadway, crossed to the "dollar side," and walked slowly up the street. A careless glance behind them told that they were followed by the "sports," and they began to see a "muss," as Mose, of 40's Hose, would call it, in embryo."

They had arrived at the corner where these men stood when they first were introduced to the reader, when the one whom the other called Sam, stepped suddenly forward, and touching Frank on the shoulder, said in a tone which he meant to make pleasant:—

"Can you tell me the time o' night, sir?"

"It isn't very far from midnight—but it may strike two before long, if we are followed much farther by you!" said Frank, boldly, though his boyish voice trembled a little. We know you, and you'll save yourselves trouble by keeping your distance."

"Big words from a light stomach, my young rooster," said the other, sneeringly. "You'd better go down there and treat us, or you'll get lifted higher than a kite!"

"I think you had better go first, then!" said the smallest of the young men, and in an instant, a blow fairly planted between the bully's eyes, knocked him from his feet down the steep stone steps of the saloon, and through its window-glass door.

"He needs company!" cried Frank, and as the other ruffian, hearing the crash, turned to look for his companion, a scientific tap from the clenched hand of Frank took him under the ear, and he, too, went down the steps like a log.

"We must run for it, Thay! We must run for it, or there will be damages or something worse to pay!" cried Frank, and in a few moments the young men were far from that corner, and safely ensconced in a hack, driving up town, leaving the disappointed and infuriated sports to pay for broken glass, and have their cuts and bruises attended to without any sign of present satisfaction.

One more change of scene. Up Broadway, close to that square where the equestrian statue of Washington can be seen—that square where the noble Baker, in the noblest speech uttered since the commencement of the rebellion, devoted his life to the Union cause which he since lost in the battle's front—is a "brown stone front," in which more men, young and old, have met their ruin, than perhaps any other ten buildings in the city. It is devoted almost entirely to public and private gambling. Some of its rooms are occupied by private clubs; others are rented by men whose only profession is the art and science of gambling—whose only business is to fleece the sheep who are silly enough to visit their dens.

In a private suite of rooms on the ground floor, which we will visit, a suite consisting of a smoking and reading room, a supper room, and a card parlor back of all, we will find one of our old friends—Marcus Buttonwood. With about a dozen more young men, mostly of his own class, we find him in the back room of all, considerably the worse for the wine he had been pouring down, and in a furious rage. The cause is, that after having lost a couple of hundred dollars in a two handed game of euchre, he fancies that his partner, Mr. Mortimer Selden, a visitor, but not a member of the club, has been "playing off," and purposely letting the other side win, because, when they—Buttonwood and Selden—played to see which of the two should bear the whole loss, Selden won the game, and consequently lost nothing during the evening.

So Marcus, in his rage, pronounced all three of his opponents everything but gentlemen, and was in a pretty tough fix, for all three, nearly as tight as he was, were on the point of pitching into him alone, when two other persons joined the company.

They were the two young men whom we have already seen through one bad scrape and who seem willing enough to get into another, for the one called Frank, cried, as he saw how many were going at one—

"Hold on here! hold on! Three to three is fair play. Thay, you take one, I'll use up another and let the other two take it out fair and above-board!"

And suiting the action to the word, the two new comers pitched into two of the opponents of Marcus in the most scientific manner, much to the delight of the other members of the club, who were perfectly willing to see a "mill" if conducted quietly enough not to attract the notice of the "outside world." They had no fear of the police—they are too sensible to disturb gentlemen who choose to amuse themselves either in fighting or gambling.

Marcus was so startled when he heard the voice of Frank, that he was thrown completely off his guard and did not come to it until a stunning blow from his opponent knocked him nearly off his feet. This both maddened and sobered him, and he "went in to win." In a very few moments he had knocked his opponent "out of time," and turned to see how his new friends had got along. They had soon "settled the hash" of their opponents, for they were both skilfull and sober, and only had to knock the others down as fast as they got up until they chose to acknowledge being whipped."

"I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Marcus, eyeing his new friends very closely, being now quite sobered himself. "You will do me a great favor if you'll go to Maillard's with me and take a game supper!"

"With pleasure!" said Frank, picking up the cane which he had thrown down when he entered to the rescue.

And without giving time for any questions to be asked or compliments made, Marcus and the two young men left the club rooms.

As soon as they were in the street, Marcus said:

"I think Thais that you and Fannie had better take lessons at home after this. If you had been discovered by my club they would have run me to death about it!"

"Well, you give up the club and take your lessons at home, and we will too, won't we Fannie?" said Thais, for she was the lesser of the young men.

"I will do anything to please you brother that I can in honor!" said Fannie. "I know this was a bold and unwomanly step, but it has had two good results!"

"And what are they?" asked Marcus with a smile, as he beckoned a coach to take them home.

"First, it has taught me a lesson which I shall not forget. A woman may not unsex herself by dressing like men and going into rough places, without peril to life as well as character. Secondly, we have had the pleasure of saving Mr. Marcus Buttonwood from a very severe beating!"

"For which Mr. Marcus Buttonwood sincerely thanks you and at the same time congratulates himself upon so having taught you the art of self-defence, that uninjured yourselves, you were able to punish the cowards who were attacking me at such odds. And furthermore, my gallant heroine, if you will promise to take care of me through life, from this time forward, I will give up my club and cards, and take my exercise at home!"

"Take him at his word, Fannie—take him at his word! Father and mother will be overjoyed if he can be reformed and you only can do it darling!"

"Will you try me, dear Fannie?" asked Marcus, as the coach, which he had called, drove up.

"I will, Marcus, I will!" she softly whispered, as he took her hand to help her into the coach.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HAPPY EVENT CASTING ITS SHADOWS BEFORE—THE MIDNIGHT INCENDIARIES—A SHELTER FOR THE WOMEN—PLOTTING BY TWO TRAITORS—A MOVE TO DISTANT PARTS—RESOLVES TO BE USEFUL IF NECESSARY—WORTHY DISCIPLES OF A WORTHY CAUSE.

The marriage of Edward Bleackley and Celestine Draper had been expedited a few weeks, for a very cogent reason. Edward, though a lover, was yet a patriot, and determined that his country should not lack a second by his idling at home. He had mentioned his wish in this regard to his parents, to his intended bride also, and had met with encouragement. Though far in the decline of their lives, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bleackley dissuaded their only son from joining the bands of young men who were rushing into the field of battle; neither did Celestine implore him not to venture forth. She, like her lover's parents, knew what claims the Republic had upon its sons at such a time, and was ready to meet it, though it took from her, perhaps forever, the object of her deepest affections.

It might have been thought a strange coincidence that, at about the same time that young Bleackley came to the resolve of fighting for the Union, the junior Darcie arrived at a similar conclusion, and having gained the entire consent of his parents to the marriage with the pretty daughter of John Davis, determined to anticipate the "happy event" by a week or so. To add interest to these parallels, Phelim O'Duff, young Darcie's man of all work, had expressed himself anxious to enlist in the regiment joined by Charles. He was allowed to do so; but ere he formally gave in his name to the proper officer, he had resolved to transact a little matrimonial business with Elsie, the good-looking "help" in the family of the Davises. Elsie was very patriotic, and said she would accompany Phelim to the war, if he would let her; but Phelim's response was—"Whist, darling; that would never do!" and a kiss.

As we have already informed the reader, Celestine Draper had gone on a visit to her old schoolmate, Miss Hoyt, who was to be her chief bridesmaid on the occasion of her marriage with Edward Bleackley. The plan concocted between Henry Benson and Stephen Giles, for the abduction of Miss Draper, has also been explained.

It was night. In the quiet neighborhood of Westchester, all was peace. The inhabitants had long since retired to their beds, and save in a few instances, where an invalid had to be looked to, not a light streamed through the window of a house. The weather was very tranquil, but the absence of a moon was the means of making the atmosphere very dark.

It lacked but ten minutes to the midnight hour, when the two arch conspirators, Henry Benson and Stephen Giles, came forth, provided with the means for setting fire to the house in which Miss Draper was then slumbering, and most likely enjoying dreams of future felicity. Convinced within themselves that some others were abroad, they yet cautiously peered to the right and left, and occasionally paused, as though to listen for a footfall. The nearness of the two houses (that of young Benson and that of old Mrs. Hoyt) did not allow of the waste of much time in the passage from one to another. Arrived at their destination, it was a look by the conniving villains, more concentrated than any previous look had been; the silent placing of some furze about the most frail part of the premises; the production of a dark lantern; the igniting of the furze; then a ruddy blaze; presently a large flame, and cries of alarm from within the dwelling.

Westchester boasts of its Fire Department, but it is an organization vastly different from that of New York; yet even in New York, that house of the Hoyts would have been burnt to the ground long before the fleetest of engines could have reached it. Standing in Westchester, it had been reduced to a mass of blackened embers, ere an engine or a fireman was seen. Benson and Giles were outside, however, and continued to give such encouragement to the screaming females at the windows, as to induce them to rush to the door. Flinging that wide open, Mrs. Hoyt, her daughter, Miss Draper, and the female "helps" found themselves safe and unhurt. Joy for their deliverance prevented their immediate realization of the condition in which they had been found.

They fell into the snare that had been laid for them, and entered the dwelling of Benson, as though it had been the safest of all asylums. Such habits as Old Carry and the girl Jane could spare from their trunks were divided among the rescued females, to whom, also, sleeping apartments were appropriated. Next morning, Benson, who was careful in keeping the boisterous and vulgar Giles out of sight for a while, played the part of host with consummate skill. His visitors seemed to place every reliance in him. His chief communication was with Celestine and Miss Hoyt, each of whom had her particular request to urge—the first, that her family in New York should be immediately apprised of what had happened; the second, that a gentleman in Wall street (a banker), and a lady (a milliner) should be summoned as soon as possible to Westchester.

Henry Benson said he would look to these matters in person. But did he keep his promise? We shall see.

For the present, it will be sufficient for us to inform the reader, that in the course of that evening, Benson and his subordinate were seated in the drawing-room of the former's house, with wine and segars before them, and that, at the sailor's desire, old Carry and Jane respectively presented themselves. Benson was brief in explaining the why and wherefore of this.

"I have some visitors here, as you know, (he commenced,) whom, if you are questioned by any of the neighbors to-morrow, you must say have gone to New York, to recover from the shock of the fire at Mrs. Hoyt's house. They will, in reality, remain here, close prisoners of mine, for a short time—to be afterwards disposed of as I think fit. Anyhow, their friends will soon get scent of their whereabouts; when they do, it will not be safe for us to be near one another."

Of Course, as old Carry and Jane were situated, they could only bow acquiescence to these demands. But their employer had not done with them yet. Recalling each as she was about to depart, he produced a revolver from his side pocket, and pointing to it significantly, remarked:

"You see this weapon. It has six barrels, and in each barrel there is one ball, quite enough to kill you. Now, mark me; if you keep my confidence you will be safe; if you betray me, all these balls, if necessary, shall be lodged in your brain or heart!"

"And here is a barking iron of mine," observed Giles, following the example of his chief; "which, if his aim mi dossed, would his work for him."

So did the burly ruffian address both Carry and Jane; adding, to the latter:

"But let it be a kiss, gal, instead. I hope it will be, for I have set my heart on having you."

Left to themselves, the conversation of the two desperadoes was continued. Benson was liberal in making known his plans to Giles. They embraced a speedy departure for the seat of war, the ruin of Celestine Draper, whom Henry could locate at some place, after he had worked his will on her; and the joining of the rebel hosts. There would be some excitement there, and the chances of promotion and fortune as well. As matters stood, the greater distance that could be counted between himself and New York, the better it would be.

"What think you of the plan, Steve?" queried Henry; "and what say you to coming along with me?"

"Bully, boss! bully!" was the characteristic rejoinder of Giles.

"I always was for Jeff Davis, and I should like to fight under his banners. If I do, won't I make it slashing work with the enemy! And then the handsome gal below—she shall be my sultana. Your hand on that, bully boss!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A GENERAL GATHERING OF OUR CHARACTERS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—THE MISCREANT, GILES—HIS CHIEF—TRAGIC ENDS—THE HAPPY RECOGNITION—A TREBLE MARRIAGE, AND HO! FOR THE WAR.

It seemed as though the Spirit of Evil was hard at work in the circle of which we are the recorder. There was Henry Benson plotting mischief against the beautiful Celestine and her connections; old Carry abiding her time to denounce John Benson; and that individual, with his trusty man, holding council as to the best means of taking the lives of the "infernal beldame," as he called her, and his nephew as well.

It was the second day following the burning of Mrs. Hoyt's house. Late in the evening, Miss Draper was to be removed, under the escort of the younger Benson, not to her friends in New York, as she supposed, but to a part of the country where she had never been before. A carefully prepared drug was to be one of the agents of this shameful abduction, and Giles, who had been prevailed upon to defer the realization of his views with regard to poor Jane, was to be the trusted companion of her travel.

On that night, too, the elder Benson, under the cover of darkness, and aided by a few of his gang, was to surprise the sailor in his home, and if he could not extort what he called "compensation" from him, to take his life.

But there was a Spirit of Good, as well as a Spirit of Evil, at work—the former personified by the outcast Jane. It was she who, fully aware of the peril hanging over the head of Celestine Draper, contrived to slip off to New York for a few hours on the day whose night was to usher in such dark proceedings—she, by whose information Edward Bleackley, Charles Darcey, the honest Phelim, and the detective McQuaff started in a body for Westchester, bent on the rescue of innocence and the punishment of guilt.

Skipping over an interval of some hours, let us present a view of Henry Benson's house, just as a scene is often presented at a theatre.

First to him. He is seated in his handsome drawing room, with his lieutenant, Giles. His uncle, who has gained admittance unknown to old Carry, is before the young man. He (the elder Benson) is also seated, and has been urging his suit to his nephew, but without the least use. He is very pale, and now that he has returned to silence, he fumbles with his right hand in his breast. He has a concealed weapon there—a dagger. He knows that, and he could almost laugh outright; he also knows that on the outside of that room door, he has three strong accomplices, whom, with the utterance of a single word, he could bring to his side. He could laugh at that too.

In the upper rooms of that house, there are five females—Mrs. Hoyt and her daughter together, their two "helps" the same, and Celestine Draper alone. There is an expression of alarm on all their faces, for they have made the discovery that they are prisoners; with the doors locked on them, and the intimation conveyed to them, by Giles, that any sound they raise, any movement they make will be at their deadly peril, and is beside uncalled for, as "no harm is intended for them."

Lower down, beneath the apartment in which Henry Benson is sitting, is old Carry. She has been pondering all day as to the best means of bringing John Benson to the gallows; and dropping into a large rocking chair, she is now dreaming of the grim subject.

Outside the house, about a hundred yards from it, and approaching it silently, though in haste, are five persons—four men and one woman.

All these details are very easily given, but it is not so easy to describe the action which soon follows, inside the house—how the elder Benson, after rising, as though to depart, speaks a word, at which three men spring into the room, and leveling their pistols at Henry and Giles, fire, without doing any damage to them, however; how the latter stand on the defensive; and how old Carry, suddenly awakened from her doze, hurries to the scene of action; and how, on the mutual recognition of her and the elder Benson, the two close in a struggle that seems for life or death. Meanwhile, the confederates of the elder Benson, knowing from the breaking open of doors and the crash of glass below, that other persons are coming, and ignorant of their power or numbers, make a rush for the roof, whence, by some means never positively accounted for, they effect their escape.

Then the five persons described as nearing the house, enter the room. These persons are Edward Bleackley, Charles Darcie, Phelim O'Duff, the detective, McQuaff, and Jane. Old Carry utters a cry of exultation when she sees what aid has arrived.

"Seize him, I say! Seize him!" she ejaculates, indicating the elder Benson. "He is the murderer of Alice Bleackley, or Schyle, or Waner, as she called herself when she put up at the hotel down town, twenty-five years ago! I can swear to him. Therefore, seize him, and drag him to the gallows!"

The detective and Edward Bleackley were prompt in their attempted arrest of John Benson, but he was too quick for them. Brandishing a long, keen knife which he had taken from his bosom, he buried it deep in the heart of old Carry, who fell from his relaxed grasp with a sharp scream. He then stabbed himself, and rolled upon the ground, a hideous corpse.

All these matters had been so sudden and so unexpected, that little or no notice had been taken of Henry Benson or Stephen Giles, by the new comers; at the same time, the action recorded had paralyzed the two confederate villains up to a particular time—what time, the reader will perceive anon.

Old Carry was not quite killed; a few moments' life were yet left for her, and those she used as best she could.

"Dead?" she exclaimed, gazing on the face of John Benson. "So is your Alice avenged. But it would have been a deeper punishment for you to have lived until I could have told you that your daughter stood before you!"

"His daughter? Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Edward Bleackley.

"Her," replied Carry, faintly; indicating Jane.

"Our friend, our preserver!" ejaculated Edward.

"Own her, embrace her, she is your cousin," said Carry, "and let me die. Death! it is coming. The rest is peace."

"Rather say my sister," exclaimed young Bleackley, in reference to the relationship that had been indicated by the woman now dead; and he was approaching poor Jane for the purpose of enfolding her in his arms, when the sharp report of a pistol struck upon his sense, and he saw Jane put her hand to her side, and stagger. He hastened to her help; at the same moment, Detective McQuaff, who had been attending to Carry, looking up, perceived that Henry Benson was taking to his heels, with the view of effecting his escape. In a moment, the policeman was on the alert, and, with pistol in hand, gave chase to the miscreant. Giles would have followed the example of his chief, had not Phelim O'Duff taken him by the throat, and held him with a vice-like grip.

"So, we have met again, old black mug, as I thought we should, when I first saw you outside the play house. Be aisy, if you don't want me to kill you on the spot, but preserve you for the gallows, which is too good for you."

But Giles did not think his time had come yet, and determined to have a struggle for his life. To this end, he fought, he kicked, and he groaned. The pistol which he had discharged at the girl Jane, Phelim had snatched from him, and, pinning him to the wall with one hand, seemed ready to smash out his brains with the butt end of the weapon in the other, when the symptoms of strangulation exhibited by Giles, suggested the saving of the gunpowder and the ball.

"Say 'I surrender,'" exclaimed Phelim, "and I'll hold you with a gentler fist until the return of my illegant friend, the detective, and transfer you to him for safe keeping."

To this counsel Giles vouchsafed no notice further than a strong struggle to free himself from the grip of his captor, who, thereupon, fixed his fingers more firmly on the villain's throat, observing at the same time:—

"If that is your game, I will play it with you; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul, for I can't have any on your body. There!"

The villain's face turned almost black, and his eyes and his tongue protruded frightfully. He was dead, and with a dull sound, his body fell to the ground.

And poor Jane—she was dead, too, and yet in the arms of Edward Bleackley, who had called her sister, pressed her fondly to his breast, and kissed her, while the big tears of sorrow rolled down his cheeks. That was a happy moment for Jane, the happiest she had ever known—the happiest she ever could know in this life. She murmured her thanks for it, also her blessings on Edward, and with an angel smile on her face, exhaled her last faint breath.

"Gone!" exclaimed Edward; "so young, so fair, so good!"

We have little to add. Detective McQuaff did not succeed in capturing Henry Benson, who, it is supposed, realized his plan of joining the forces of the rebels. The dead were disposed of in various ways—John Benson and Stephen Giles being buried by the city authorities, an obscure grave in consecrated ground being provided for old Carry by the Bleackleys, who gave to their new found relative a resting-place in their lot in Greenwood. As a matter of course, Celestine Draper, and the Hoyts, and their "helps," were speedily restored to liberty, and in a week or so a triple marriage was solemnized—the principal parties being Edward Bleackley, and his beautiful lady love; Charles

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. W., Fort Alexander, Md.—1. Neither one; Bill Hayes was a middle weight. 2. Ed Price's height is 5 feet 9½ inches; he weighed 155 lbs. when he fought Australian Kelly. Born in London, 1832. 3. Jem Kelly's dimensions on that occasion were as follows: height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 147 lbs. He is 32 years old.

——, Philadelphia.—1. The City Museum, of your city, opened on Monday evening, September 11, for dramatic representations. 2. Barnum's Museum, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning, December 30, 1851. 3. The National Circus, Philadelphia, was burned down on the night of Wednesday, July 7, 1854.

A SUCKER.—1. The conscription act would not reach a person so situated. 2. With the exception of here and there a number, you can have the CLIPPERS you wish at our usual price, six cents. 3. Our theatrical summary will give you his whereabouts sooner than any other method or medium we know of.

LAWRENCE.—Prince Albert was Prince Consort immediately upon wedding the Queen. The term "consort" means, in one of its renderings, married, and is appended to the title to distinguish it from the term Prince Regnant, or ruling Prince.

P. R. C., Boston.—It is all right. They are being found out in their bogus reports, every day. They have no credit here, and it will not take long for their dupes in other cities to discover their true character.

W., Buffalo.—Having turned up Jack, the dealer scores one point immediately, which puts him out. Jack made in play does not count until after high and low.

THOMAS, Philadelphia.—You will find your queries fully answered in our theatrical department in our last issue, under the head of "Music Halls."

J. H. R., Cleveland.—A referee should be appointed to decide all such matters, whose fiat should be final. We cannot undertake to decide on an *ex-parte* statement. Good dog, indeed.

"PADDY FROM CORK," Fort De Kalb, Va.—1. John Morrissey was born in Templemore, Tipperary Co., Ireland, in 1831. 2. 5ft 11¼ inches in height; regular weight, about 205 lbs.

H. C. T., Plymouth, N. C.—Supposing each player needs two points to go out, the one having low, Jack; goes out before the one having high, game.

J. H. S., New York.—The lady has been married, but is now divorced. She is twenty-three years of age, and made her first appearance in Boston.

T. K., Boonsboro, Md.—The *Police Gazette* is $3 per annum. Address "Geo. W. Matsell & Co., National Police Gazette, New York City."

PIMP, Philadelphia.—1. Act of faith. 2. The old style of printing, in what is called German text. 3. The utmost limit. 4. The highest idea of anything.

A. ISAACS, London.—Letter received and duly delivered. He will write you shortly.

J. E. M., Baltimore.—The poem requires more fixing than we have time to give it.

THE LITTLE REBEL, Buffalo.—It is very pretty, and will appear at an early day.

DIXIE, Port Huron, Mich.—We do not know his present whereabouts. Address a line to Mr. Stoepel, Wallack's Theatre.

A ZOUAVE, Fayetteville, Va.—No, he had no right to call the bet, he having been virtually "passed out."

NED NUTTING, Troy, N. Y.—Yours of the 21st failed to connect in time. All right. Don't fail to give us the cue when convenient.

T. C., Cincinnati, O.—The cards should have been "bunched" and dealt again.

L. C., Fort Richardson, Va.—Have handed your letter to the parties, who will no doubt rectify all errors, if of their committing.

B., Nashville.—Yours of the 14th did not reach in season for last week.

THOS. F., AND FRIEND, Rochester, N. Y.—Both originally came from Ireland, but have been here since childhood.

ARTIST, Mass.—The dealer is entitled to the one for Jack as often as turned up.

PIONEER, 107th, N. Y. Vols.—We cannot say.

READER.—Will probably commence them with our new volume.

H. O. F., Keene, N. H.—The money arrived all in good time.

JOE COBURN.—We have a letter for you.

BARNEY AARON.—We have two letters for you.

D. O. N., Zanesville.—One month—$10.

B. D., New York.—Apply to Mr. Bogan, No. 139 First Avenue.

ENQUIRER, N. Y.—We have not heard of them in some time.

T. W. N., Washington, D. C.—All right. Half $10, Quarter $6.

T. F. A., Cleveland.—See answer to J. H. R.

TALKING BILLIARDS.—In our last week's issue we gave the result of a couple of match games of billiards, in which Messrs. Goldthwaite and Deery were the contestants, and in both of which games Mr. Goldthwaite proved his superiority. These matches were brought about in consequence of the remarks of an individual who had just entered the sporting ranks as a billiard reporter for "a city paper." He was so desirous of writing up young Deery, that he forgot to look out for a means of retreat, and the consequence was, that when young Goldthwaite offered to put to the test the supposed abilities of Deery, the latter was compelled to accept an offer to play, or falsify the extraordinary promises of his reportorial "friend;" so two matches were agreed upon, and young Goldthwaite vanquished his adversary with apparent ease, and scattered to the winds the gossip of the self-appointed billiard doctor. We felt convinced that Goldthwaite was more than a match for Deery, but as the latter's advocate seemed determined on a match between the up-town and down-town representatives, we gave the young stranger from Boston a pat on the back, and told him to go in. He went in, and won in a canter, and poor Deery's reputation received a sudden check, to say nothing of the losses sustained by his backers in the vain endeavor to bolster up the bombast of a "sporting writer." Some gentlemen imagine it to be a very easy matter to take hold of a pen, and scratch off articles on sporting subjects. They soon discover their error, however, when their theories are exploded by practical results, demonstrated by legitimate sporting writers, and by men who have grown up with our sports, and understand every move and turn of the business. We are sorry for young Deery. The recent matches have done him a deal of injury, and it will take some time for him to recover himself; and when he does so come into proper form again, let him take our advice, and not attempt to take up the cudgel in defence of the opinions advanced by every Tom, Dick, and Harry who may fancy himself a sporting writer. Young Goldthwaite, who bears his honors modestly, is now a greater favorite than ever with the *habitues* of our billiard saloons.

DEERFOOT DEFEATED—As recorded elsewhere, Deerfoot has received a slight check in his brilliant career, in long-distance races, Teddy Mills, or Young England, as they please to call him on t'other side of the Atlantic, being his conqueror. It is but justice to the Indian, however, to state that he was somewhat out of "condish;" and in this connection we might express the hope, that this lack of condition is not permanently brought about by fast life in London, as has been rumored. London cordial gin, and London fascinating females, will surely defeat any man, let him be ever so tough, or ever so good a ped. or pug. Ingin, shun firewater, or it will bring on the "ughs," sure.

THE AMERICAN SHARPSHOOTER.—Mr. Daniel Wood, of Rochester, N. Y., has prepared and published a work on the subject of shooting generally, most opportunely. It is entitled as above, and contains a treatise on gunnery, illustrating the practical use of the telescope sight as applicable to the rifle, rifle battery, artillery, etc., besides much other matter that it is desirable a soldier or a sportsman should know. See advertisement.

WHERE WE ARE.—Nothing new from the army, and "all is quiet along the Rappahannock." An "early forward movement" continues to be looked for. The Vicksburg cut off remains cut off, but "speedy operations are promised." "Fighting Joe Hooker" is doing a great deal of fighting—on paper. The prospects are cheering.

THE "DRADRUDELLS."—The second sociable of this eccentrically named club, composed of the drummers of the different city regiments, took place at Jones' Assembly Rooms, 656 Broadway, on the evening of March 27th, and was well attended by the beauty and chivalry of our city.

SNOW SHOE RACE.—A race came off recently on the Big Hill track, Onion Valley, Plumas County, Cal., between Wm. Metcalfe and Frank Lee—distance, half a mile, the former winning.

THE BRITISH P. R. CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE UNKNOWN A MYTH.

MACE ENTITLED TO FORFEIT.

Since putting our first "form" to press, we are in receipt of later intelligence from England, the most important of which, to sporting readers, is the fact that the backers of the Unknown have failed to make the necessary pecuniary deposit on the day and date fixed by the articles of agreement, and that, in consequence, Jem Mace is entitled to forfeit. Before commenting on this pugilistic gag, we shall quote the remarks of the various sporting papers, in order that our readers as well as ourselves, may arrive at an intelligent understanding of the affair. *Bell's Life* of March 15, says:—

"This affair, we regret to say, begins to look extremely 'fishy.' It may be recollected that when the match was first made, we stated that rumors were current that the Unknown was a myth, put forward by Mace, in order to gain time towards his holding the belt. These rumors we then said we believed were unfounded, as we could not see wherein the advantage would lie, as no time would count unless Jem won a battle. Notwithstanding this, the rumors still prevailed, and we were assured that Mace was getting money in every direction from his friends, but that eventually there would be a forfeit. To this we replied *cui bono?* If the Unknown forfeits, Mace will clearly gain nothing, as he must, in that case, return the money he borrowed from his friends; while, on the other hand, if Jem forfeits, everyone will know it is not from want of money, but sheerly for the purpose of fleecing all those whom he has found to back him, and this was a policy he was not likely to adopt. Still was the same thing dinned into our ears, and we were positively assured that the Unknown did not exist, as we should see. We regret extremely now to say that the progress of events has taken an awkward turn. In our last we announced that Mace was at Jack Hicks's on the occasion of the last deposit, but that neither the Unknown nor any of his friends appeared. Owing to the bustle attendant on the preparations for the procession on Saturday, it somehow escaped our memory to inquire whether the Unknown or Mr. Bernard on his behalf had staked the money with our cashier, and it was not until too late to do anything last week, that we made the discovery that he had not done so. Under the circumstances, of course, Mace is entitled to a forfeit, should he see fit to claim it. On Friday we received a letter from Mr. Bernard, the nominal backer of the Unknown, saying he had not heard from New York by the last mail, and did not like to put down any more money, and would forfeit unless we would give him till the 18th, when there would be another mail in. To this letter there was no address, and as we knew nothing more of Mr. Bernard than his name, it was of course unlikely we should accede to his request, more especially as it was to Mace he should have applied for time instead of to us, as the forfeit was then an accomplished fact. It now remains, therefore, to be seen whether, in the face of the rumors so prevalent, Mace will claim the forfeit, and so throw himself open to the accusations that are certain to be made, or whether he will give the desired time for Mr. Bernard to go on. It would be very hard upon Mace to pronounce the whole thing a scheme on his part, as he has all along denied all knowledge of the American party, nor has anything reached our ears beyond rumors to indicate complicity on his part. We certainly have instituted inquiries in every direction, in the hope of discovering some news of the Unknown, but with the exception of a tip from Sheffield that it was one Ned Price, who once fought Australian Kelly, we could hear of nobody at all probable as a customer. It is awkward, to say the least of it, that the business should wear such a suspicious aspect, and we trust that another week will clear it up. We offer no opinion whatever at present, and the manner in which the affair is handled by Mace himself, will have much to do with the treatment of the position we shall have to adopt. That Mace is entitled to forfeit we again say is quite clear. His own feelings on the subject must be his guide in the matter. If innocent, which we have no reason to doubt, it would be hard that he should forego the forfeit; if the contrary, it is a dangerous game, and one which will infallibly lose him all his well-earned laurels."

The *Sporting Life* of March 14th says:—

"The state of affairs respecting the battle supposed to be pending between Jem Mace and the Unknown, has assumed a very unhealthy aspect. The Unknown last week did not table his money, £25, according to the articles, and no notice was taken of the matter by those who had previously staked up for the Unknown until yesterday, when the stakeholder received a note from Mr. Bernard, in which he states that, in consequence of his having been disappointed in receiving remittances from America, he declines going on any further with the match for the Championship, unless the stakeholder would allow the deposit to stand over until the 18th inst., when another mail would be due from America. To all intents and purposes the Unknown has forfeited the money down, and Mace is clearly entitled to receive the same, should he claim it. The decision is out of the stakeholder's power, and it only rests with Jem Mace himself to decide the affair. The sooner this misty business is cleared up, the better, and we hope that another week will see the sequel either one way or the other. Tom King is once more looking up his friends, to find money to fight anybody; and as Heenan, it is supposed, will once again perform, no greater treat could be afforded the Ring followers of England than a meeting between two such fine specimens of muscular Christianity as Heenan and Tom King. Tom King is about having a testimonial presented to him, not only as a mark of respect for his conduct in the Ring, but as a mark of approval, from his private friends, for his uniform quietness, &c., in private life. The two gentlemen, C. B., Esq., and W. W., Esq., will shortly make all the necessary preparations, and the time and locality will be duly announced. This movement is a right one, and we give our hearty wishes for the success of the undertaking.

Quotation No. 1 gives palpable evidence that *Bell* has got itself into a fix, as it had previously announced that the deposit due had been posted, when, in fact, it had not. It had also, by stating who the Unknown *was not*, tried to make its readers believe that it knew positively who he *was*, but that the time had not arrived for his name to be revealed, but they believed they were not wrong in assuring their readers that he hailed from the other side of the Atlantic. Here is an evident departure from truth, in explanation of which, it goes into a vast amount of special pleading, but fails to make a clear case for itself, even with the aid of an inuendo referring to the "American party." Had it taken its cue from the CLIPPER, it would have discoverd long since, that, bar Heenan, there was no American likely to step into the shoes of the Unknown, and it would have saved itself from the fix it has got itself into by making little short of a positive statement that he was an American, and with an air of immaculate wisdom, giving out that "we know, but won't tell," and now saying, that after instituting inquiries, "with the exception of a tip from Sheffield that it was Ned Price, we could hear of nobody at all probable as a customer." What an acknowledgement, after such a statement for a sheet claiming to be *the* authority as a sporting paper of Great Britain! The *Sporting Life* has not committed itself so far, as, not being the stakeholder, it was not so likely to know that the deposit due had not been made; yet its zeal in trying to give the earliest news has carried it beyond itself. The *Illustrated Sporting News* has escaped the trouble that its contemporaries have got themselves into, by wisely taking heed of the statements made from time to time in the CLIPPER in reference to this Unknown business. At the present writing, it appears to us as though Mister Mace knows quite as much about the mythical individual as any one else, if not a little more, and we shall not be surprised to discover that he has taken a leaf out of Tom Sayers' book, to gain time to recover from the effects of the pummelling he got from Tom King. For the present, we have said as much as our time and space will permit; in our next, probably, we shall have more to say on this second pugilistic fizzle among the "true British boxers." In closing, however, we call attention to the remarks of the *Sporting Life* in reference to Heenan and Tom King having a meet in the P. R. It accords, in substance, with remarks, *previously written*, in an editorial article in these columns, and confirms the view taken by us, that the two big guns will shortly measure their strength in the fistic arena. So mote it be.

DEATH OF MR. GULLY.—Wherever sport is known, there, too, has the name of John Gully been known as a household word for many years. On the 9th of March, the bearer of that name expired at his country residence, Cockin Hall, near Durham, Eng., in the eightieth year of his age, the immediate cause of his departure being a complaint in the bladder. The deceased, originally a poor boy, was the architect of his fortune, and first came in for any degree of public attention, from the circumstance of his being a pugilist. Soon after, he interested himself in horse races, run horses of his own, and was fortunate to a high degree. He then put up for a seat in the British Parliament, and was returned for the town of Pontefract, in Yorkshire. The fortune amassed by Mr. Gully was exceedingly large, and he leaves it to his aged widow and ten children. Of such a man, there is necessarily a great deal to be said and written, and it is possible that a much more extended memoir than we now publish, will yet appear in our columns. Mr. Gully was a man of great kindness of heart and enlarged charities. He was buried a few days after his death, in the Catholic Cemetery at Ackworth, beside the tomb of his daughter.

HEENAN—KING—THE UNKNOWN.

Nothing new or startling has been developed concerning the match between Mace and the Unknown, for the Championship of England, many intimating that the Unknown is a myth, an unknown in reality, without form or substance. Be this as it may, there are certain indications that Tom King may enter the Ring again, and that, too, a little sooner than had been anticipated. From these indications, we also infer that Heenan and King will confront each other in the fistic arena before Heenan returns home. Heenan, himself, has said as much, and now we find that King is beginning to speak out a little, and give hints that he will again enter the Ring. The quarrel between Heenan and King will either terminate in a turn-up at any moment, or in a regular pitched battle. It is most likely that the latter will be selected as the most proper way to settle their differences, and a match of this kind will create full as much interest as that created by the great International Match between Heenan and Sayers. Such a match would be on more equal terms than that contested at Farnborough, for both are young, both strong, and of equal dimensions in height, etc.

The coming match between McCoole and Coburn may furnish a candidate for the honors of the Championship of the English Ring. It is already the topic of conversation and speculation in sporting circles hereaway, each man having his respective admirers. Coburn and McCoole are working hard to get themselves in fix, and a rattling mill is anticipated.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE UNKNOWN AN AMERICAN AGAIN.

The English sporting papers up to March 11 give no clue as to the identity of the Unknown, but they still persist in asserting that he is an American, and public opinion there has signaled out Ned Price as the man. *Bell's Life* "makes believe it knows," but won't tell. What a joke. It does say, however, positively, that it is not Heenan, Morrissey, or Coburn. There's news for you. But read what they say for yourself:—

There was a large muster at Jack Hicks's, King's Arms, Whitechapel, on Thursday, March 5, to witness the staking of £25 a side between Jem Mace and the Unknown. Jem was in attendance, but the Unknown still keeps dark, so that the public have to cool their patience until March 27, when the hero will have to solve the mystery. We believe we are not wrong in assuring our readers that the aspirant is a real *bona fide* claimant of the title, and that he hails from the other side of the Atlantic. His name has been whispered to us, but he does not wish it made public; yet why, we know not. We are betraying no confidence, however, in saying he is neither Heenan, nor Morrissey, nor Coburn. The place for the next deposit is to be named by the backers of Unknown.—*Bell's Life, March* 8.

There is nothing fresh respecting the match for the Championship, beyond the fact that the public opinion is in favor of Ned Price being the Unknown. Mace is still in London, but taking very great care of himself. He was at Hackney Wick on Monday, at the race between Deerfoot and Mills, when he expressed a wish to make a match with Deerfoot to run for one hour, if the Indian would allow a mile and a half start; the match to be for £100 a-side, and to take place a month before Mace fights the Unknown. The next deposit for the Championship has to be staked next week, at a house to be named by the backers of the Unknown.—*Sporting Life, March* 11.

The *Illustrated Sporting News* is a know nothing on the subject, and wisely refrains from indulging in wild speculations.

THE ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF BILLIARDS is much in demand, and the various editions printed have gone off "like hot cakes." And no wonder, when so much desirable information on the beautiful game on which it treats, is given at so low a price—only 25 cents. For where to get it, etc., see Messrs. Phelan and Collender's advertisement elsewhere.

THE RING.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE NEXT DEPOSIT AT PETE GALLAGHER'S BOWLING SALOON, MONDAY APRIL 6.

BOTH MEN HARD AT WORK IN THE COUNTRY.

The third deposit of $100 a side between McCoole and Coburn was duly handed over to our deputy at Robert Smith & Burlinson's House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, on Monday, the 23d of April, in the presence of a great muster of the fancy. In the literary line, were Tom Quick, Saxe, Glover, (the oracle and special correspondent for half a dozen papers, according to his own story) not he of boxing glove fame, and some two or three "respectable" cusses. The ceremony was managed so orderly and serene that the free and easy wasn't disturbed a particle. There were some little doubts about McCoole's party being in time, but just ten minutes before the time expired, Harry Hill stepped inside the door just in the "nick of time." After calling up the house they "proceeded to biz." The celebrated ten-pin player, as usual at every deposit so far, was there with his pile for Coburn, and the two seated themselves down at one of the tables. Peter was soliloquising in his usual dry and comical manner, when Harry, as if he thought ten-pin Pete was miles away, jumped up and wanted to know if anybody was there to put up for Coburn, while there sat Gallagher, close alongside, with the greenbacks in his fist. Hill's remark created a laugh at his expense, for he knew, or should have known that the question was unnecessary. After Ed James had given receipts to the amount of $100 each, Harry Hill said he was authorized to bet $50 or $100 even on McCoole, directing his remarks at Pete Gallagher, who had just put up his last dollar. "My dear friend," says Pete, "I haven't the money now, but I'll make it good by ten o'clock to-morrow," which Hill wouldn't agree to, so it dropped. No other betting was offered. To-night, (March 30) $100 a side is to be added to the stakes at Izzy Lazarus's, 223 Centre street, and next Monday the same amount is to be planked down at Pete Gallagher's, the St. Nicholas Bowling rooms, 535 Broadway, where we believe, one of Joe Coburn's brothers is tending bar. This promises to be the greatest night yet, and we expect to see a little real betting, and less talk.

We have here to mention the propriety of the last deposit being $250 a side, instead of $150, as in the original articles, or the last deposit will come on the night before the fight; this would be very inconvenient. We hope the friends of both men will see the advantage of this suggested alteration.

McCoole is now under the supervision of that excellent general, Mr. James Kelly, and is domiciled at his rural retreat, in Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, N. J., a pretty spot, noted for its rolling lands, lofty mountains, sloping valleys, dry roads, and all those essentials for healthy work. Mr. Kelly's establishment is easy of access from this city, and we shall take an early opportunity of paying the Western Champion a visit. For assistants, McCoole has the valuable services of Dan Kerrigan and Sam Davis, and the way Samuel has to spread to keep up with the St. Louis hero, is said to afford considerable amusement. McCoole is improving wonderfully since taking to work in earnest, and is looking as hard as nails.

The Northern Champion, Joe Coburn, retains the services of Hen Winkle, and by dint of cheerful exercise, has rid himself of some twenty pounds already. With Toppy Maguire's experience and advice, and Hen to do the practical part, Joe will go into the ring one of the biggest men of his weight that ever stripped. We saw him a few nights ago, and were quite pleased with his bright, youthful appearance, and elastic movements. He is reported now as not much over 160 lbs., so that in the specified time he ought to be as fine as a race horse. The Cayuga House, McCombs Dam, will be Joe's headquarters for a few days longer, and then he may move further from town, so his friends who wish to see him "at his work" ought not to let slip the opportunity.

Anything appertaining to Coburn's movements can always be learned from Cap. Norton, of the "Cremorne," one door above Laura Keene's; or Peter Gallagher's Bowling Alleys, 535 Broadway, without the trouble of a journey out there. Either Crow, or Pete, or both. When we are at liberty to state where best to get information about McCoole, we shall be most happy to do so.

THE WESTERN CHAMPION'S BENEFIT.

HIS SET-TO WITH JEM KELLY.

IMMENSE ATTENDANCE OF GENTLEMEN AND OLD SPORTS.

The greatest exhibition we've had for years was that for the benefit of the Western Champion, matched to fight the Northern Champion, Joe Coburn, for $1,000 a side and the championship of the United States. On Wednesday evening, March 25th, Mozart Hall was packed so thick, that hundreds couldn't get in at all. They numbered little less than a thousand people, all cash customers at that—nearly equal to half the stake-money.

We arrived quite early, found Mr. Roche and an assistant at the box-office dealing out the different colored tickets with the regularity of a machine. At the door stood the ubiquitous optimist, Fourth Ward athlete, and living photograph of the Emperor of the French, Kit Burns, in a county-Clare woolen shirt, minus the talma, one of Yacob Bennett's build, or some other Irish American's. A short stay here satisfied us that Monsieur Kit had no time time to talk about Dublin Bay, "or the likes o' thim places," so we strolled around until Sam Davis turned up—he notified us that "Tom Quick" was around, up by the footlights, and inquiring after "the boy that struck Jem Mace." That individual, after giving Bill Darling (who had charge of the reserved portion—dollar seats—and right well did he enact his part) the Maltese sign, passed through the great array of older heads and richer wallets, up to the front, and took his stand among the "respectable" reporters.

From our "posish" we couldn't begin to tell one half of the notables present, and the only men of mark who came to the front previous to opening the game of fisticuffs were Uncle Abe Vanderzee, Captain of the Harbor Police, and Honest Tom Walsh, of the Walsh House, Mulberry street. Of course Harry Hill was around, large as life in his Cardigan jacket, and uncovered, "just as he is without one plea" at his club-room, on Houston street, explaining everything to the "respectables" who have mistaken their calling in attempting to report sporting matters, and consequently often "put their foot in it" after all the pains taken to enlighten their understandings. We are down on these cusses, anyhow, and make no bones about telling it, because we have an old grudge to settle one of these days about the Captain Williamson outrage. At that time we sent statements around to all the "locals" in the city, but for some reason or other, every one refused to have anything to do with it. *We don't forget*, and one of these fine mornings the whole transaction may be exhilated, with the name of everybody concerned. Mark what we say!

After considerable demonstration by the audience, Sam Davis, the M. C., bounced on the platform (fixed up for the occasion at the extreme end of the hall, and a very miserable one it was) like a "perfect cure," his face beaming with good nature, and his eyes all aglow with enthusiasm. He introduced for the opening ceremonies:

CHARLEY WALKER AND YOUNG HANLEY, two young fellows getting quite ambitious of late. Walker is the same who fought Harry Abrahams, since simmered down or gone out like a candle. Hanley comes from Washington Market, and brings a good reputation; if we mistake not, "Shorty" (Bill Poole's great favorite) brought young Hanley first into notice, and he has no cause to be ashamed of his pupil, we assure him. They fought—it couldn't be called sparring—half a dozen rounds, ending very unsatisfactorily by Hanley accidentally butting Walker in the eye. Sam Davis apologized for Charley, and they retired. Immediately afterwards a fight was got up by some "cross cuves," (ill-tempered people, we mean,) and though we couldn't see them pasting each other, we heard the smacks—quite sufficient under the circumstances. After they had been at it until pretty well exhaustsd, the vigilant police, or Snap-Dragon Kennedy's Bull's Eye Brigade, interfered and ended the *emeute*. There's some high old M. P.'s around the Fourteenth ward.

Right after this muss, we discovered the familiar phiz of the Colorado Champion, all out in his best. Then came the autocrat of boxing, Milage Cornell (whose name was on the bills as going to spar in Yonkers for Dick Holywood and Mike Dorsey), dressed within an inch of his life. Major Jim Turner, Tom the Boatman, Collins, and others, one by one, got up our way.

Mike McCoole here quietly entered the hall, looking much the same style as poor dead-and-gone Country McCleester, but as scarcely a soul knew him, no cheering occurred, until he had got right up to the dressing room; here a particular friend gave the cue, and quite a little dust was kicked up by the stamping. Michael was solemn and sedate. His face is not unlike Mr. Harry Gribbin's—that's the nearest person we can think of to refer you, although McCoole weighs a good 200 lbs., and is all of 6 ft. with his boots on. The Western Champion retired to a secluded spot to see how other people do these things.

CON OREM AND MILAGE CORNELL were the next who put in an appearance. Con sported the captivating John C. Heenan's colors round his loins, and had on a bran new pair of Somers pumps. Orem felt good—jolly, in fact. He had the elasticity of a bouncing ball, pawed and pranced, laughed and danced, "just to make a little fun for the boys." As for Milage—well they were a good pair—well matched every way. Cornell had a friend there, one who knew "where the laugh came in"—just such another as the big fat man that used to frequent Bryant's—a very healthy laugher indeed. This friend, whenever the Coloradean cut up his pranks, would give one of those ha-ha's that sets everybody else giggling, and such an uproar! It almost made "Frenchy" roll over again (we should only like to know his name once; Con also enjoyed it too, but not to the same extent that Milage did. They had several good-natured rallies, in a style perfectly original with the Champion of Pike's Peak. As Con intends soon to have a benefit, he didn't care to show all he knew, but next Wednesday "we shall see what we shall see." How's that, Peter?

More novelties and more attractions kept pouring in—the Centre Street Heavy Tragedian, Izzy Lazarus; the Fourth Ward Mandarin, Flory McCarty; Phil Clare, from Columbia street, Brooklyn, with his promising young nephew, Jim Dunn, now matched with Jimmy Elliott; Peter Gallagher, from the St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, with one of Storm's best chapesans, Mike Henry, of Gold and Plymouth streets saloon; Mike Trainor and a body guard; McCaffrey, of Cincinnati; Mr. Clarke, the clever and sport loving Briton from the Pacific Hotel, on a visit here to see the great battle for the American Championship, etc., etc.—in fact everybody worth naming, and some not worth it.

When such "solid men" as the wealthy Trojan, Mr. John Morrissey; the once famous gladiatorial Chief, Tom Hyer; the great admirer of game chickens, Tom McCoy; Captain Michael Norton, U. S. A., of the Cremorne Free Music Hall and Panorama of the War, one door above Laura Keene's; Jim Cusick, who trained and seconded Heenan; Sam McLaughlin, the driver; Andrew Stark, of billiard fame in days gone by; when such gentlemen as these go to a sparring exhibition, depend upon it, there's something to happen. What a pity John C. Heenan isn't here to see the excitement this affair is creating. Oh, yes—and Coburn was there, too, but only for a few seconds, and then he couldn't see anything for the crowd.

But we might extend this already too long notice for columns if it were not for lack of where to put it when ready, so we think it advisable to drop further rambling, and come right down to the point. Owing to the dense crowd, the boxers being unable to get through to the stage, with everybody anxious to see McCoole, "and McCoole only," Sam Davis explained the matter satisfactorily to the audience. He then announced that Johnny Aaron would give an exhibition at the same place on Thursday evening, April 2d; and that Con Orem would probably do the same thing on Wednesday, the 1st of April. On Tuesday, Andy Moore (the Unknown) is to wrestle Lieut. Ainesworth, for $20. This will keep Mozart Hall pretty well occupied, and we hope they'll make money—at the same time, it's very bad policy to bunch them all up together in such a manner. At nine o'clock the Wise Man of the East (without the usual white coat and bright buttons) announced that Mr. McCoole and Jem Kelly would terminate the exhibition. He gave us a little Demosthenes—not exactly *a la* Tovee, for he didn't dare any old man that looked like him to a glove encounter—thanked those present on behalf of McCoole, apologized for the scarcity of sparring, and then came the wind-up between

MIKE MCCOOLE AND JEM KELLY.—Various were the rumors about who the professional boxer was, intended to wind up with the Champion. Wages were bet in several quarters that William Hastings would turn out to be the man. Some said Elliott; others, Phil Clare; others, "Colorado;" and almost every big man's name was called over, but we believe it was all chance work, and are pretty sure that Mr. Kelly was not aware of being awarded this privilege (?) until the very night of the benefit. That makes but little difference, however, and we must say that Kelly showed off finely. They cut away very little time sparring, but the accomplished Jem bustled right to in-fighting, after the first lead, and they indulged in that kind of mutual thumping—each holding the other's head with his left, and plugging away on the body—which is so good to look at, but awful to take. At out-fighting, the Western Champion seemed very awkward. This was no doubt owing to his being a perfect stranger here, and the shouting confused him—in fact, a variety of circumstances tended to prevent McCoole from exhibiting to that advantage he has done in private. We believe he can do much better than he did with Jem Kelly. Again, as a sparrer with the gloves, for half a dozen rounds, Australian Kelly is a perfect wonder—there's no rubbing that out. He also left off just as the Western man was warming to his work, and, as he good naturedly remarked after it was over, "If I only had you three or four more rounds, the tale might be different," we believe the tables would have been turned completely. At any rate, we think the Coburn party should not be led away simply because McCoole hasn't the former's science. It doesn't follow that a poor sparrer must be a bad fighter—McCoole's previous career fully swamps that idea. He is a rough, game, and powerful fellow, and has a better idea of the business than some think for. When McCoole did hit Kelly, the latter hardly knew whether he was on his head or his feet, and "good-bye Jem," if Mac had ever got in "that left" when he had him backed up against the wall. McCoole evinced his gluttonous propensities to the most indifferent spectator, and he will turn out a game young fellow on the day of battle. When he gets "a hot 'un," he's bound to go after his man, and the more he gets, the more determined are his actions. That was his manner of sparring, and he looks like one of those sort "you couldn't lick with a club," as a facetious County Clare man remarked. "Oh, Moses, but isn't he a strong feller, though?" shouted one of his admirers when the stakes cracked, as he came in collision with them. So he is, and if they'd only had one more round, we fancy the Big 'Un would have upset the calculations of more than one "good judge" of fighting men. Thus terminated the great Western Champion's benefit.

After leaving the hall, McCoole was followed by hundreds of people along Broadway, and that thoroughfare was all agog with excitement. Every house had its crowds of sports, card-players, and betting men, assembled to discuss the event of the day. Captain Mike Norton's "Cremorne," Pete Gallagher's Bowling Saloon, Tom McCoy's "White House," Harry Hill's Club Rooms, William Hastings's, 208 Centre Street; Izzy Lazarus's, right over the way; Ex-Councilman Burns, Central Hall; and all the noted sporting houses, did a thriving business on the strength of the new sensation.

A CUSTOMER FOR DUBLIN MIKE, AFTER HIS OWN HEART.—Mike Reagan's bold *defi*, thrown out last week, has elicited the following rejoinder from the Knight of the Cleaver, Tommy Meakin. Read:

EDITOR CLIPPER:—In your last issue, a paragraph appeared signed Dublin Mike, challenging any novice, from 124 to 126 lbs.—"a certain man from Brooklyn preferred." From that I suppose he means me. If so, I would say that I had almost given up the idea of appearing in the ring, but seeing that Mike is so anxious to meet me, I propose to lay down the cleaver for a while to give him a show. I will fight him at catch weight—as it would be impossible for me to come down quite so low as 126 lbs.—for $100 or $200 in from four to six weeks. A deposit, if left at Mike Trainor's, South and Rosevelt streets, or at the CLIPPER office, will be immediately covered. Yours, etc.,

TOMMY MEAKIN.

THE COLORADO CHAMPION'S LEVEE.—Mr. J. C. Orem, or "Con Orem," will give a grand sparring exhibition at Mozart Hall, No. 659 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, April 1st, when all the "talent" will be on hand to assist. Twenty-four "good men and true" are on the bills. Con will wind up with "The Unknown." As Mr. Orem leaves this week for Pittsburgh, we trust the boys will give him a good set-off—such an one as he may never be ashamed to refer to in future. Tickets, 50 cents, to be had at the door.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Charles Reynolds, G. A. Hough, Frank Rivers, Charles A. Shaw, S. Bishop, J. K. Campbell, and the Misses Clara Harrington, Jennie Melville, and Minnie Rivers.

CITY SUMMARY.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

MONDAY, March 30, '63.

It is not many years since our principal theatres and other places of public resort were located in the lower part of the city, and there were but few attractions above Canal street worthy of the name. Then, boarding houses of all grades swarmed in the streets running toward the North river, below Chambers street, and what hotels we had were situated within the same circuit; but gradually the march of improvement made inroads upon the old land-marks, and cheap hotels and cheaper boarding-houses were gradually given up to the necessities of the times. Upward, the star of Empire wended its way then, as still farther upward it wends its way now. With the departure of our boarding house *habitues*, also departed many of the patrons of our theatres, etc., and it became a question whether the *habitues* should not be followed by managers, who had so long catered for their amusement. It did not long remain a question, however, for the down-town houses became deserted, and self-preservation impelled an upward movement. When Bond street was selected as a site for the Winter Garden, and above Houston for Laura Keene's, it was imagined that those localities were sufficiently high up town, and many feared that a few years would elapse before the upward tide would reach them. Wallack's little establishment, below Broome street, was considered in the most favorable situation for catching the transient wayfarer, as well as the regular theatre goer. But we live in a fast age, and there is no telling what the morrow may bring forth. The elder Wallack, with an observing eye, saw with what rapid strides the great metropolis was progressing, and he had the temerity to move on a little, even in advance of time. With that keen perception of coming events for which he is noted, he saw that Broome street would soon be "away down town," as Chambers street was a few years previously, and he determined to get up town, if there ever was to be any up town to New York. At Fourth Avenue and 13th street, "he built him a theatre." He was looked upon as a man in his dotage. Old stagers predicted his utter ruin in building a theatre at such a "remote place." But the veteran went on his way rejoicing, and has carried through almost two of the most successful seasons ever known in New York. What next? After the unlooked-for success attending Mr. Wallack's enterprise, we shall not be astonished if some go-ahead New Yorker should even improve on Wallack's idea, and give us a theatre on the Fifth Avenue, beyond Madison Square. As the Fifth Avenue *Hotel* has met with great success, why should not a *theatre* on the great aristocratic thoroughfare also find patrons to give *it* a hearty support? More room for our commercial pursuits is demanded in the heart of the city, and even now the busy marts of trade are beginning to encroach upon the palatial abodes of our retired men of wealth, crowding them upward, still upward, on the beautiful avenue stretching towards the Central Park, drawing in their wake restaurants, hotels, theatres, etc., etc. No, we shall not be surprised to see a theatre on Fifth Avenue before long. Who knows? Perhaps Laura Keene may even now have an eye on the chances, for the giving up of her lesseeship on Broadway looks as though the lady has some great object in view.

There seems to be quite a rage for dramas of the "Camille" school of late, so we should judge from the eagerness with which managers take hold of any drama that comes before them, relating to the commission of adultery or seduction. Within the past few months we have had Camille, East Lynne, Edith, Lucy D'Arville and other productions of a like character on the dramatic stage, and the "Traviata" on that of the operatic world, in which Miss Matilda Heron, Miss Western, Miss Provost, and two or three prima donnas have figured, and now we have a new drama to add to the list, in the form of "Jessie McLane," a piece in which Miss Laura Keene has thought proper to enter the lists as a representative of the injured class of ladies in question. We have seen them all, plays and artists, admired a few, but seen only, in this last production, anything worthy of hearty commendation. "Jessie McLane," by an unnamed author, was produced, for the first time in this country, at Laura Keene's on Monday night, March 23d. On Tuesday we called in to see it, and found the house moderately full only. Twenty minutes after the hour appointed, the curtain went up, displaying a very pretty rural scene, supposed to represent the surroundings of one of the coal mines near Pittsburgh. It was all very charming of course, but very far out of the way of the reality, as any Pennsylvanian could tell, who saw it. The play opens well, with some lively converse between two miners, after which John McLane—Charles Wheatleigh—enters, and shortly afterwards his young wife "Jessie"—Laura Keene—who is dressed rather gay and fashionably for a miner's wife. John then retires for a while, and in the interim Arthur Marsden—C. Walcot, Jr.—enters, and briefly converses with Jessie on his former love for her, alluding to the uncongeniality naturally existing between her and John, his coarseness and her refinement, &c., contrasting her position with that she would occupy as his partner in life. Thus infusing the poison, he leaves it to work, and retires, promising to see her again. John then reappears, and during the morning meal her dissatisfaction with her life is developed, and besides this, evidences of mental disturbances are plainly manifested by Jessie, the result of the terrible death her father met with at the mines, the blow when given having affected her mind, a feature of it being her inability to shed tears. Before John's departure to the mines, one "Betsey Brown"—Mrs. Robertson—a humble friend of John's, appears on the scene on her way to New York to seek a place. While bidding good bye, Marsden's imported English livery servant—"Marker"—the inimitable Peters—makes his entree, and manages to deliver a letter from Marsden to Jessie, unseen, the contents of which relate to a stolen interview he desires. After the whole party leave, Marsden appears, and ultimately carries Jessie off perforce. The next important scene is the interior of a coal mine, and while the miners are having a confab together, Betsy is seen coming down the shaft, her mission being to tell John of Jessie's flight. Some capital acting follows, in which Wheatleigh now displays his ability as one of the leading actors of the day, the scene closing with an "impressive tableau." The second act opens with Jessie's boudoir in Marsden's house. It is in this scene that Miss Keene manifests that commendable adherance to nature in her impersonation of character, that has given her the reputation she possesses. Her remorse for her conduct is truthful and powerfully depicted, and is entirely devoid of that ranting and powerfully melo-dramatic style of the East Lynne school of actresses. The sudden appearance of Betsey, and Jessie's fear to see her husband, amounting almost to frenzy, is finely rendered. The next scene, important to the plot, is the drawing-room in Marsden's house, in which a fashionable party are in the midst of their enjoyment, when John McLane suddenly appears, and again do we have a fine display of Wheatleigh's dramatic power. Indeed, his acting in this scene is beyond all praise. The finale of the scene and the second act makes up an undoubtedly "startling" and splendid tableau. We now come to the last act, in which Miss Keene, as the insane wife, acts with such truthfulness to nature as to make the scene as fearful as it is deeply impressive. The finale of the act is rather melo-dramatic, but nevertheless it has many meritorious features. To conclude our sketch of the play, we have to say that during the whole season, Miss Keene has not placed upon her stage a drama more replete with excellent points or attractive features than is "Jessie McLane," and *cetes* she has appeared in no play in which her dramatic power has come into play with greater advantage than in this. Wheatleigh, too, makes John McLane a character that none who once sees him, will ever forget. Chas. Walcot enacted his part admirably, his display of musical ability being a feature of his performance. Mrs. Robertson, too, was capital as Betsey, and Peters's Marker was Burtonian in comic excellence. The scenery was effective, and, as usual, friend Baker lent his valuable aid in the orchestral department, with some of his most choice arrangements.

On Monday, March 23d, Norma was produced at the Academy of Music by the Maretzek troupe for the first time, and truly was it a grand performance throughout. The house was well filled, not crowded by any means; but inasmuch as the usual crowd of dead heads did not occupy their accustomed seats in the auditorium, it was fully as paying a house as the most crowded assemblages under the previous managements that have controlled opera matters at the 14th street establishment. Really Max deserves credit for so boldly ridding the Opera of such a nuisance as the clique of dead heads alluded to had become. These fellows it was, who on all occasions made themselves so conspicuous in promenading the aisles and loudly conversing during the performance of some of the gems of the opera, and impudently eyeing the fair sex through their glasses at probably but a few yards distance. They acted as if monarchs of all they surveyed, and in fact, in a variety of ways, were a terrible incubus upon the energies of every impressario. Max has been the first to make them walk chalks; and though, in consequence, the houses have not been so crowded as before—for these dead heads were numbered by hundreds—they have been paying houses, and that is what has not always been the case on previous occasions, when appearances led to the contrary opinion. But to the opera. When Mme. Medori first made her appearance, and began the *role* of Norma, we prepared ourselves for a perfect feast of operatic music, and we had it. Such a voice. Why we do not begin to have terms at command to describe its luscious melody. Her dramatic power, too, excels that of any lyric artist we have had here since the great representative of Norma, Grisi. In the rendering of "Casta Diva," she excelled; but the scene with Adelgiza, and her powerful denunciations of Pollione, she fully equalled Grisi; in fact, her acting could not have been surpassed. Suffice it to say, that her vocal and histrionic personation of the character was of such excellence as to entirely cast in the shade all the efforts of every artist that has previously visited this country and performed in opera, excepting Grisi, and in many points she even excelled her. Biacchi, as Oroveso, gave us a truly admirable vocal and dramatic rendition of the *role* assigned him. Possessing all the power of the bassos that have preceded him, he has, besides, almost the sweetness of a baritone. He fully divided the honors of the occasion with the others. Of Mazzoleni we have but little occasion to speak, as we have commented on his qualities before; but what we have to say is, that he added to his reputation by his truly admirable performance on this occasion. Of Mlle. Sulzer, the alto, we have to say that she fully comes up to the high commendations hitherto bestowed upon her by the critics of the daily press, who for once have a truthful foundation for their warm eulogiums of the truly great artists comprising the company of Max Maretzek. We have never seen Norma properly rendered in this country before, judging from the excellence of the performance on Monday night last, and we can promise the lovers of the lyric drama in Boston and Philadelphia, such a feast of excellent operatic music as they have never before listened to in the theatres of their respective localities. They must wait some time yet, though, for we are not going to part with Max's troupe for some weeks; in truth, we are only waking up to the fact that we have amongst us now, one of the best opera troupes that have ever appeared on the American continent.

A statement having appeared in several of the New York papers to the effect that Mr. Mark Smith would open Winter Garden next summer, with Miss Emily Thorne as one of his company, we are authorised to state that Mr. Mark Smith and Miss Emily Thorne are *partners* in the aforesaid undertaking. We take this opportunity, therefore, to undeceive the public in regard to the matter, and give the facts as they are. Miss Thorne is a partner in the enterprise, and not a member of Mr. Smith's company, as stated by other journals. And here we might take occasion to advise Miss Thorne and Mr. Smith to be a little more liberal in *their* management of the Winter Garden than the present manager has been. The place has been sadly out of gear, the stage arrangements showing a want of tact and discrimination, which has tended to injure the establishment in the estimation of the public as well as of stars. Let the new managers look to their own interests, by placing their entertainments on the stage in a proper manner.

Mr. and Miss Richings brought their performances to a close at Niblo's, on the 28th inst.

Yankee Robinson was in town last week, seeking a residence for his family. He appears at Pittsburgh on April 6th. Andy Springer's services as advance agent have been secured by the real live Yankee, who speaks cheerfully of the prospects ahead for the forthcoming, and all but here, traveling season.

Barnum is not a man of his word, and can place little value upon the truth. Before the marriage of the two dwarfs, Miss Warren and Tom Thumb, Barnum announced, positively, that the woman would never appear in public, for exhibition, after her marriage. This announcement was repeated day after day, with the knowledge of both Miss Warren and Stratton. The pair are to be on exhibition again, in this city, by and with the advice and connivance of Barnum, who, however, keeps in the background. The whole crowd are of a kind, deceiving the public by false representations.

Palace Gardens do not seem to have been very successful as a place of amusement, and we now see that the scenery and furniture of the place is "offered for sale at a sacrifice."

The Menagerie closed on the 28th March, after affording our citizens a deal of amusement and instruction in viewing the natural curiosities comprising the collection. The den of lions, which was formerly a den of "pretty waiter girls," will now be used for other purposes; perhaps revert to the girls again, for aught we know.

Miss Lucille Western had a good share of the week's business at the Winter Garden, and her rendition of Lady Isabel was favorably received. She will repeat the performance this week, while Miss Matilda Heron will give us *her* great version, at Niblo's.

Miss Matilda Heron comes before us again this evening at Niblo's Garden, reproducing her great drama of "Edith, or the Earl's Daughter," founded on Mrs. Wood's novel of East Lynne, and which met with such favor on its first production at this house a few months ago. Miss Heron's impersonation of the heroine of the play is a most powerful piece of acting, and takes rank with her great rendition of Camille, which seldom fails to attract full houses when performed in this city. As produced at Niblo's, the play of Edith will afford a treat to those fond of a good drama, for every attention will be paid to a proper distribution of all the characters, while the scenery and stage arrangements generally will receive that attention so necessary to a faithful representation of a work of the kind. As Miss Heron's previous engagement was terminated while Edith was in the midst of its triumphs, it is but fair to presume that it will resume its former success this week.

Henry Percy, who, a few weeks since, denied the report that he was to appear at the "New Idea," makes his first appearance at that house this evening, March 30th, thus proving the correctness of the reports, in spite of his denial. There's nothing like having these things brought down to a focus.

There is nothing fresh at Barnum's, not even the girls who make a practice of regularly visiting this moral show shop on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, except that an English comedian, Sam Emery by name, appears on the 30th, in Searle's new drama of "The Shadow on the Wall."

It don't matter what the Bryants have on their bills, for the business continues the same. People go there to laugh, and although they are as "well up" in some of the jokes as the performers themselves, they nevertheless laugh as heartily as ever, and enjoy themselves as in days of yore, when the lamented Jerry Bryant was one of the shining lights at this hall.

A panorama of the war, with forty scenes, is for sale for $350. See E. B. Cunnion's advertisement.

Col. T. Allston Brown has returned to the city after a trip through the West, and is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the coming summer season. Col. Brown is desirous to travel with a Circus Company, as "layer out," or as Treasurer. Has filled the above positions before and understands the business thoroughly. Managers wishing to engage a reliable, hard-working Agent, can address him at this office.

A grand concert will be given at the Apollo Rooms on Tuesday evening, April 7th, for the benefit of Mr. Gerald Gaffney, when the following artists have kindly proffered their services; Madames Paulitch, Pieper and Vetter, Miss Scheppelman, the Messrs. Hermann and Heineman, and the Singing Society Amphion. The programme is very varied, and Mr. Gaffney appears several times himself.

A first class leading juvenile and light comedy lady is wanted to go to Kansas. See Conner & Co's advertisement for further particulars.

"The Great Southern Contraband Troupe" of twelve genuine sons of Ethiopia are getting "well up in their parts," we are informed, and on the evening of Tuesday, March 31st, they give their first dress rehearsal.

Here they are, all together, and a capital show they make—opera, drama, spectacle, ballet, Ethiopian minstrelsy, burlesque, pantomime, acrobats, and we know not how many etceteras, though, we are sure, quite enough to astonish anybody who goes in for the most of amusement at a moderate cost. And where are all these capital things to be found? Why, where but at the famous "444" Broadway? There, a real cluster of stars are shining, including Tony Pastor, clown, jester, and comic vocalist; C. E. Collins, jig dancer; Miss Fanny Forrest, who sings as the sailor said William did, "like a hangel;" and a whole host of other clever folks, whose names are the only recommendation they need. Without doubt, "444" is a great place, and great are he crowds that hurry to it.

"Erin Go Bragh!" So we have heard a multitude of people exclaim who have been to Hope Chapel, and witnessed the doings of the McEvoy company, aided by the life-like scenery of old Ireland. Some idea of the "queer spots" of Hibernia, so justly celebrated all over the world, is to be gained by a visit here—also of the peculiarities of the ancient cities, such as Dublin and Wicklow; and if it is the songs or the talk that you like, why, by the powers, you may have them in all possible perfection. No better entertainment than the one under notice is now afforded in the city, and that is saying a good deal.

The New Bowery might hang out a banner on its outward wall, as Macbeth did upon the outward wall of his castle, a long time ago—only with the difference, that the cry, "Still they come," was significant, in the usurper's card, of the approach of foes, whereas, in that of Manager Lingard, it tokens the arriving of friends. During the past week, the bill of fare at this popular house has been quite full of good things. The present week has commenced well also, the evening of the 31st of March being set apart for the benefit of Mr. Lingard himself, when Mr. E. Eddy appears—also several other favorites, in addition to the popular company.

They have a good time of it at Wood's Minstrel Hall, 514 Broadway, where a band of right merry men give the folks a taste of their quality every night, and send all home well pleased with the genial banquet that has been set before them. Of late days we have heard some of our acquaintance speak of the "blue devils," and have invariably recommended a visit to Wood's, as a sure cure. Why? Because we have tried it ourselves, and found it the complete thing. Only consider such splurges as "Handy Andy," "The Old Maids' Lament," "The Broadway Belle," "The Land of Freedom," "Othello," "La Perche Equipoise," and "Our African Cousin"—real stunners, ain't they?

Mr. W. H. Paul, who during the past season has acted as business agent for Barney Williams, will terminate his engagement on Saturday, April 10th. The many years experience Mr. Paul has had in this country and Europe, give him unusual qualifications as a first class agent, and render his services of great value to any one who may be so fortunate as to secure him. Letters addressed to the CLIPPER office will be duly forwarded to him.

The estate of the late Edwin P. Christy, so well known as the original founder of Christy's minstrels, and the manager of the same during their long and successful career at Mechanics' Hall, in this city, is still under litigation. In the Surrogate's Court on the 28th of March, the case was argued before the Hon. Gideon J. Tucker. The following is a synopsis of the proceedings:—"In the matter of the petition of the collector of Edwin P. Christy's estate, an order to sell certain personal property: The collector of the estate, in his petition, sets forth that among the articles inventoried as assets of the estate, are the household furniture, pictures, paintings, &c., now in the house occupied by E. P. Christy at the time of his death, and appraised at $2,662; that said house is occupied by a person named, in what purports to be the will of said Christy, as his wife; that more than forty days have elapsed since Christy's death; that in the judgment of the collector, it is necessary for the preservation and benefits of said estate, to sell said property, unless the same be amply secured to said collector; that he is, and has been since his appointment as collector, obliged to keep a man hired to watch said property, at an expense of two or three dollars per day: that, in its present position, said property is not secure; that the collector has no safe place to keep the same, except at a great pecuniary expense to the estate and he therefore prays that he be directed to sell said property. These statements are met by an affidavit of Mary Ann Maples Christy, the alleged widow of Mr. Christy, to the effect that she had no knowledge that the appraisers and collector, or either of them had any intention to inventory the furniture, pictures, paintings, &c., now in the house occupied by her, till the said appraisers and Collector came to the house to take the same; that she was not privy in any manner to the making of the inventory; and that at said time, she caused the appraisers and Collector to be informed that the furniture, pictures, paintings, &c., belonged to and were owned by her; that at or about the time she and Edwin P. Christy commenced housekeeping at No. 96 Grand street, she loaned to him the sum of about ten thousand five hundred dollars; that five thousand five hundred dollars thereof were the proceeds of the sale of real estate she owned in Philadelphia, and the balance was money she had on deposit in savings banks; that all of said furniture, &c., was purchased with her said money, and the same was insured in her name during the lifetime of Edwin P. Christy, and with his knowledge and assent, and the same is now insured in her name. She further says that she purchased a house with her own money and in her own name, and that immediately after she took possession of this house, and had removed thereto the furniture, &c., contained in the house, No. 96 Grand street, and that she has ever since said time occupied said house so conveyed to her, that she is abundantly responsible, has no family, and the furniture is but little used, and is not in any sense perishable, and will be better perserved by remaining where it is than by storing it; that the furniture, pictures, paintings, &c., would be sacrificed at less than their value if sold at auction; and that the estate will be neither preserved nor benefitted by such sale; that the said furniture, &c., are entirely secure, and she has no intention to remove them, but means to continue her residence in said house and retain possession of said property there until this case is terminated by a judicial decision, if not longer. In response to these allegations, the Court said: The paper propounded as the will of E. P. Christy is before me, and its admission to probate is contested in this Court by Mrs. Harriet E. Christy, also claiming to be the widow of E. P. Christy, and by E. Byron Christy, claiming to be his son. In this alleged will, the property in question is mentioned, but as the will is not yet admitted to probate, I cannot look into that instrument for evidence upon which to act. I cannot try the title to this property, and yet I am unable intelligently to give directions to the Collector, without incidentally looking into the question of probable ownership. Thus, if there appear to be a "clear outstanding title against the estate," I ought not to interfere on behalf of the estate. But "if there be a reasonable cause for doubt, the proper course is to permit the sale, and let the question be tested by the Court having jurisdiction of the matter." In this case, I feel compelled to say I do not perceive any "clear, outstanding title against the estate." Mrs. Mary Ann Maples Christy swears that she loaned the decedent the money with which the furniture was purchased; and she thus, (even if her testimony were admissable under the Code, as to a transaction between herself and the decedent,) establishes only at most a debt from the estate to her for the loan. It is true that she swears she informed the Collector that the furniture was hers, but she does not swear that it *is* hers. Mrs. Christy does not allege any legal title whatever, but merely avers that she has possession and "means to retain it." The Court was therefore not disposed to notice an order for the sale of what was actually not in the hands of the representative of the estate, although the probable title might be in her estate. Such an order would not add to the power or security of the collector, who would have to await the decision of the Court of proper jurisdiction. Consequently, the legal way of proceeding would be to direct the collector to bring a suit to test the title. In the event of the will going to probate, such a suit would abate; while if probate were denied, it would, if undetermined, pass over to the permanent adminstrator of the estate. Should the estate succeed in it, the Court would then consider the propriety of the sale. John C. Van Loon is for the collector; A. W. Bradford and P. G. Clark for Mrs. A. M. Christy; Samuel Jones and C. K. Smith for Mrs. Harriet E. Christy and E. B. Christy.

DRAMATIC.

Business at the New Memphis Theatre has been splendid. The present fall and winter season closes on the 17th of April, after which time J. F. Crossen returns to New York. A summer season of two months commences immediately after the close, as above stated, and some of the old people have made arrangements to remain. The present season has been carried on without the aid of a single star, and has so far been one of the most successful ever experienced in Memphis.

In speaking of a recent dramatic performance at the Brooklyn Academy, we alluded to the very inefficient manner in which the stage arrangements are conducted at that house. It appears, however, that we have cast undeserved censure upon the machinist of that establishment, and we therefore let "One Who Knows"—and who saw the faults we complained of—have space to explain certain matters connected with the performance under notice. He says:—"In the remarks in your paper of this date, 21st, upon the recent performance of Edith by Miss Heron, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, you have unintentionally done great injustice to the worthy machinist of the theatre, Mr. McNally, who is acknowledged to be among the first in his business in the country, having had many years practical experience in our principal theatres. Instead of the effect of the performance being marred by the bad management of the scenery, it was wholly caused by the inefficiency of the person at the prompter's desk, who rang the curtain down before the time, spoiling one of friend Harry Pearson's scenes, and also the tableau at the end of the second act, upon which the plot of the piece hinges, and which of course the machinist had no more to do with than he had with the slim orchestra you mention, and about which there was no mistake. If the policy of the management is to combine the prompter and an actor as one in the same piece, and said prompter hands his book while on the stage to an incompetent person, and mistakes occur therefrom, justice to every one requires that the public should know where the fault lies.

Manager J. C. Myers closed the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 14th March, after a season of one hundred and twenty-one nights, and paying for rent during that time $3,870. The high rent asked for the Academy was the cause of Mr. Myers closing at such an early day, yet he no doubt could have prolonged the term had he been in time to arrange with all first-class stars. He will be on hand for the next season, however, to engage all stars who may wish to try their chances in Providence. His business with Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams and Miss Maggie Mitchell was better than the same parties did in Boston, at the Howard, as the Providence Academy holds more money. Mr. Myers was to have had a complimentary, tendered by the citizens, on the 27th of March. Among the volunteers were Harry Langdon and Annie Senter, and also the dramatic company, who have been playing at New London, Norwich, Westerly, etc. Mr. Myers will re-open the Providence Academy, for one week, commencing on the 30th, to play Miss Charlotte Thompson. After that, he will visit New Bedford, Portland, and Bangor, Me., where he will be ready to negotiate with first-class stars.

The Holman Opera Troupe are still performing in J. C. Myers' circuit. Last week they were at Springfield; on the 30th of March they open in Hartford, Conn., and on the 6th of April in New Haven.

Adah Isaacs Menken closed her second successful engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 23d of March, to one of the largest and most fashionable audiences ever assembled in that house. So reports a Baltimore correspondent, who further says:—"It being the farewell benefit of Miss Menken, she appeared in two pieces, the French Spy and Mazeppa. Long before the curtain rose, the house was packed to its utmost capacity. At the close of the French Spy, Miss Menken was called out, and she made a few remarks, thanking the audience for their many kind favors, and saying: 'No matter how far away I may go, I shall always look back upon Baltimore, and the many kind friends I have found there, for their names are impressed upon my heart, never to be erased.' Long and loud applause followed, and boquets were cast at her feet. At the conclusion of Mazeppa she was again called for. She appeared on her horse, and bade farewell to all present." So much for the events of the evening. Now for another little matter. Our correspondents all agree in stating that the house was crowded, so we will take it for granted that it was so. Now, if we are not greatly in error, the Front Street Theatre, at present prices, will hold $700, and such should have been the returns for the 23d, when people are said to have been turned away, owing to the crowded state of the house. What do you suppose was the amount actually returned as being taken in? *Three hundred dollars and forty cents!* What became of the balance, if the house was so crowded? A few days previously, a doctor's bill for attending the horse was brought in; it purported to be for $50, and Miss Menken paid it. Having occasion to see the doctor again, she mentioned that the bill was pretty steep. The doctor thought not; he had visited the horse twenty-five times, and charged less than a dollar a visit. An explanation followed, when it was found by the doctor's books that the amount received by him was $18. Who got the rest of the $50? We may hear more about this affair, and fasten the fraud where it belongs. Miss Menken commences an engagement at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, this evening, 30th March.

Mr. R. E. J. Miles, with his trained horse, Hiawatha, has been doing Mazeppa, Dick Turpin, Mike Martin, etc., at the Pittsburgh Theatre for the past two weeks. "Now and Then" says:—"He attracted pretty full houses during the first six nights, but could not succeed in drawing the *elite* from their parlors and firesides. His audiences seem to be composed of the middle classes, who go once or twice, and then remain at home. Consequently, the horse and his master have not done so well the past two or three evenings as they did prior to that time. For Mazeppa, the management had a stage erected around the dress-circle, and Mr. Miles, lashed to Hiawatha's back, went over the course nightly, much to the surprise of the occupants of the parquet, who were in some danger of being hurt, had the horse missed his foothold.....Miss Annie Eberle is becoming quite a favorite, as is also Charlie Foster, who has now been attached to the Old Drury for the past three or four weeks, and supported Miles and McDonough in a very creditable manner.....On Monday, March 30, Mr. Neaffie will appear. He generally plays a fair engagement, but does not jam the house.....It is rumored that we are to have a succession of stars from this time to the end of the theatrical season."

The Little Barefoot will take the place of Fanchon, this week, at the Holliday, Baltimore, and give the admirers of Miss Maggie Mitchell an opportunity to see her in something fresh.

The Florences are doing well at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. From Cincinnati they will probably go to Louisville, and play an engagement at Wood's Theatre, in that city.

J. E. McDonough's "Seven Sisters" met with a warm welcome at Wood's Theatre, in Louisville. There is quite a lively competition between the rival managers, Wood and Fuller.

Wallack's Macbeth, at Grover's, Washington, on the 26th, is highly commended by the press of that city. Miss Ada Parker was the Lady Macbeth. Some of the performers were ill, and others had to do double duty, Mr. E. B. Williams "showing in three parts."

Miss Alice Placide must have come to a full stop out West, for we do not learn that she is doing anything at present.

Messrs. Wallack and Davenport remain at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., the present week. Their business last week was good, on one or two occasions the house being crowded. United, these two tragedians do very well; but when Davenport goes it alone, he generally plays to rather poor business. It will be profitable for him, therefore, to keep in with combination companies.

Mrs. John Wood succeeds Matilda Heron at the Washington Theatre, opening on the 30th March. She will doubtless make a stir among the "heads of the nation," with her great song of "How Are You Greenbacks?" Room, there, for Secretary Chase.

"Friends or Foes," was given two or three nights of the past week at the Walnut, Philadelphia, but it failed to please, and was soon withdrawn. East Lynne, also given two evenings, did not help business, and the week may be set down as decidedly unprofitable. Mr. Daniel Setchell is the star for the present week.

The German Opera Troupe bring their season, at the Philadelphia Academy, to a close on Monday evening, March 30th. They have not met with the same success which attended their first series of performances.

Mr. and Miss Richings will commence an engagement at the Boston Museum, on Monday next, April 6th, for four or five weeks, and while there, they will bring out an entirely new opera, the music by Mr. Eichberg, and the libretto by Mr. Wolf, who are the authors of Alcantara. From Boston, the gifted vocalist and her father will proceed to Cleveland, Ohio. The talented father and daughter are under engagement to Maguire, at San Francisco, Cal., where they are to appear about a year hence.

Miss Kate Denin looked in again at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 27th, and produced her version of East Lynne. It was repeated on the 28th, on which occasion Mr. Sam. Ryan also appeared, and performed Handy Andy, in the Irish drama of that name.

The several managers in Philadelphia have combined to render assistance for a benefit in aid of the various United States Army Hospitals in and around that city. The affair is fixed for April 2d, at the Academy of Music, and will comprise a dramatic and musical entertainment. Many thanks to all concerned in the benevolent movement.

Maggie Mitchell was the star last week at the Holliday, Baltimore, and she has been doing well. Adah Isaacs Menken, according to one of our correspondents, was present in a private box, on the 24th, dressed very handsomely, and the observed of many present on the occasion. Adah bestowed several handsome bouquets upon her sister artist during the evening.

Wm. Gilmore Simms is said to be in Richmond, Va., engaged in writing a tragedy called "Benedict Arnold," to be produced at one of the theatres in that city. *That's* the place for such pieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway succeeded Miss Julia Daly at the Indianapolis Theatre last week, Julia going to St. Louis.

Miss Matilda Heron did not draw very large audiences at the Washington Theatre, where she closed on the 28th to fulfil an engagement at Niblo's, New York.

The German tragedian, Mr. Bandman, made his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience, at the New Chestnut, on the 25th March, in the character of Shylock. There are not so many Germans in Philadelphia as there are in New York, and the attendance was very small. The German was kindly received, and his defects leniently looked over. He failed to create any marked enthusiasm, and it is not probable that his engagement will prove a success. He appeared for the second time, as Shylock, on the 28th, but the house was slim, and the audience cold. On the 1st of April, he is to appear in a new tragedy, called "Narcisse," never acted in this country.

"Les Miserables" seems to have come to a miserable end, the piece scarcely receiving mention now-a-days. Not a single version met with success, and a host of writers who were "adapting" it in "superior style," dropped it like a hot potato when they saw the handiwork of others receive the cold shoulder.

Foster's troupe opened to a very shy house at the Front Street, Baltimore, on the 25th. The weather was against them, and but few ladies were in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams announce a series of four entertainments, commencing April 6th, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. We trust that the stage arrangements will receive a little more attention than they have heretofore received.

Marx Provost is in the second week of her engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and will bring out her own translation of "Lucie d'Arville." Business has not been very brisk at any of the Philadelphia houses, and Miss Provost has not played to very heavy business.

The Webb sisters are so well pleased with their reception in Nassau, that they will probably remain there until June. A letter dated Victoria Royal Hotel, Nassau, March 15, says that the Webb family had then been on the island about four weeks, in which time they had given eight performances, to really excellent business, the last performance realizing $500, which is reported to be the largest audience ever played to in that place: A complimentary benefit had been given the sisters, on which occasion Mr. and Mrs. Webb and Mr. Watson assisted. During their stay at Nassau, the sisters will give one or two performances each week. The weather was warm and delightful, and business of all kinds in a most flourishing condition.

Mr. Forrest produced Jack Cade for the first time at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, last week, and it will be repeated this evening, 30th. This great play is always sure to draw large audiences, the same as Mr. Forrest's other copyright pieces, the Gladiator, Metamora, etc.

Cubas played the past week at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and now gives place to Adah Isaacs Menken. What a lovely team those two would make together. Cubas, we believe, goes to Louisville this week.

Mr. Collins, Irish comedian, announces that during his recent visit to London, he purchased the sole right of performing, in America, John Brougham's drama entitled the "Duke's Motto." What is the Duke's Motto?

Grau, with his "indisposed" Italian Opera Troupe, will commence a season at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on Monday next, April 6th.

FIRE!—Again we have to record the doings of this destructive element in connection with the drama, through which the city of Boston has lost, for a time at least, one of its theatres, familiarly known as the National Theatre. From the Boston papers and other sources, we compile the following facts in reference to the event. At about 2 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, March 24, the fire was discovered by a policeman, who saw an immense volume of smoke ascending from the roof of the building, and promptly gave an alarm. In a very few minutes brilliant flames burst forth from the whole top of the theatre. Before the firemen could arrive, the roof was all on fire, and it was evident that the building could not be saved. The contents of the dressing rooms, the stage fixtures, and the furniture of the theatre, being of a highly cumbustible nature, and the fire spreading rapidly through the building, in the space of twenty minutes a dense volume of flame was rushing upwards, to an immense height, skirted by sheets of fiery spray, and sending out darting tongues of flame, hissing, crackling, roaring, making a most sublime empyrical display, which grew terrific as the walls of the immense building began to succumb before the fierce heat, and totter on their foundations. The roof fell in with loud crashes, by half-past two o'clock, furnishing new food to the interior fires; and at a little before three o'clock, nearly the whole of the front wall fell outwards into Portland street." The theatre, which was situated on the corner of Portland, Traverse and Friend streets, together with all its fixtures, scenery, properties, etc., was the property of Mr. Sohier. It was built in July, 1852, at a cost of $45,000, by Page, Whidden & Jepson, on the site of the old National, destroyed by fire April 22, 1852. The corner stone was laid July 6th, and was opened in an unfinished condition, Monday evening, Nov. 1st, of the same year, with the "Heir at Law" and "John Dobbs" under the management of Mr. Joseph Leonard. The building was a very strong and substantial one, built of brick, standing upon 800 piles, upon which were placed large blocks of granite four feet square, forming the foundation. Depth of the main building, running from Portland to Friend street, was 151¼ feet, with a front on Portland street of 80 feet. Contained a Parquet, Dress Circle, Family Circle and Gallery, capable of seating altogether 1,830 people. The fixtures were worth between $20,000 and $30,000. Mr. Wm. B. English, its last manager, is a loser, but we are pleased to learn, not to a great extent; not so, however, with many of the company, who have lost much in the way of wardrobe, and we sincerely hope that a benefit or benefits will be gotten up to reimburse them for their, to them, very serious losses. "Some of the members of the theatre company are losers to a considerable extent. Mons. Paul Cane and his son, 'Young America,' gymnastic performers, lost all their wardrobe and properties. Mr. Charles Bidwell lost all his wardrobe, valued at about $200. Mr. C. L. Farwell is a loser to the extent of $100. Miss Marie Boniface lost some of her dresses worn in the play of the 'Three Fast Men,' which was played the previous evening. Billy West, Pete Lee, George Morton, J. L. Sanford, Charles Clark, Misses Emma Ross, Emma Marsh and Emma Smith, and others, also lost portions of their wardrobes." The theatre, as above stated, was opened in November, 1852, by Mr. Joseph Leonard, who was sole manager for one season. "It was then taken for a single season by Mr. Leonard and William Flemming, and the succeeding year Mr. Flemming was the sole lessee and manager. In 1856, when T. L. Jenks, William Parkman, and John A. Page were trustees for the association for which it was built, Mr. Willard took the establish-

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see pages 406 and 407.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper..6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers.....4cts	Subscription for 4 months..1 00
To Retail Agents.....4½cts	Club of Four.....10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

MAD.—Had Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, been alive at this time, and witnessed the pomp and ceremony observed at the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess of Denmark, on March 10th, and the lavish expenditure of money thereon, when large numbers of people in England and Ireland are dying from starvation, he would have thought the quotation from Shakespeare, "In England they are as mad as he," a very faint comparison, we take it. Such wholesale murder by starvation that might have been prevented, had one-half the sum been appropriated to buy bread for the starving poor, but has not, exhibits a madness ten thousand times more intensified than the most hopeless case of lunacy ever known. And this is a specimen of monarchical government. Look at the reverse picture. Here, in America, is a republican government, that has been two years engaged in a most expensive war, and yet the people are sending bread to the sufferers of England and Ireland—so little thought of by their own government. We have drawn but a faint picture. Let the reader supply the filling up, and what an example he will have of the difference between the two! And yet we have traitors in our midst!

DEATH OF CENSOR.—Mr. Geo. Caldwell, whose articles on the British turf have been published in the *Field* for some years, under the *nom de plume* of "Censor," also in the Old *Spirit of the Times*, formerly published in this city, but now among the things that were, died at Ramsgate, Eng., on March 5th, of gastric fever. He leaves a wife and large family.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY

GETTING READY FOR THE BALL.—MY INCORRIGIBLE COZ.—THE SHIRT-BORROWER.—REMINISCENCES OF OLD TIMES AMONG THE "FIRE-LADDIES."—FIFTY-SIX AND TWENTY.—THE FRENCH BEAUX CATCHER.—HER IDIOSYNCRACIES.—ADVICE TO FEMALE SINGERS GENERALLY.—THOSE WHO WENT TO THE BALL AND THOSE WHO DIDN'T.—SCENES AT THE WIND-UP.—A HULLABALOO ABOUT WALTZING.—ITS RAWDY TENDENCY.

On Friday great preparations were made through the day for the ball, fixed to take place on that evening. All the girls set to work looking up their fixins and gim-cracks, so as to appear "killing," and they helped one another, for a wonder. The men were not indifferent either to what was going on, for they rummaged over their trunks to find "them five dollar suits," of the O'Sullivan build, which they had purchased when clothing was cheap, from his Hibernian Majesty. At night the moth-holes couldn't be seen, and providing the trousers were not too tight, they stood a good chance of wading through "the mazy dance."

I can't criticise the men much, but you ought to hear "my affectionate coz," Emma Jane, pick 'em to pieces! She's the greatest little divinity I ever did see for finding fault with all who wear breeches—drawers included. I never came across a man yet she considered the thing, and you can take your affidavit before Big Mike, or any other justice of the peace, or war, that none of *this* motley crowd would suit her. What do you think? One fellow—a "quill" at that—had the audacity to ask the loan of one of my shirts! It's a fact. At first, I felt shy about letting him have my best white one, but proffered him the use of a double-breasted fire shirt, used by your Cabin Boy once upon a time when he turned out in the procession with Humane Hose, during Jerry Timpson's foremanship. Twenty's machine was then honored by the peculiar title of "Mutton Hose" by their neighbors of Theatre Alley, Fifty-Sixes fellers. That's some time ago, and I don't wish to dig up old scores, because, at the present day, Twenty can boast of some of the finest young fellows in the Eighth district. The "quill" had never seen a shirt like mine before, because he hadn't travelled, and all I could do, he wouldn't be convinced that red shirts were in the height of fashion at balls in America. The upshot of the matter was, he wouldn't wear it, and to keep the frail creature from breaking his heart, and give him a chance to join in the lascivious waltz with some frisky young damsel, I lent him my best shirt!

There was one blooming lady of French extraction, that knew all the good-looking and well-dressed young fellows on the ship, (I leave you to guess whether the writer was among them.) She acted as all Parisians do, that is, was free and easy, and sociable to all in her position—good clothes and moustaches—setting half of them nigh crazy to get her consent to dance. Mademoiselle played her points very adroitly by refusing all until "the auspicious hour had arrived." You can bet the barber earned his pennies that day, for all the students wanted to appear sweet and *comme il faut*, and I'm half inclined to think Parleyvous and the barber were in league together, and shared over and above Figaro's usual receipts. This young gal from the Rue de Pollywog "couldn't get over me," as the song goes, with all her charms and "inuendoes." (Is that right, Cap? Blamed if *I* know what it means.) Couldn't she sing though? Miss Allinson "from the Academy of Music," couldn't begin to get up where she did, without the aid of a pretty long ladder. I tried it on the quiet once or twice, and if you ever heard a stuck pig squeal, this beat it. Talk about Master Lewis—he be debarred! Yet Lewis can sing, he can, as Peter Pipes is ready to corroborate whenever called upon. No; none of them came up to "Ici on Parley." If she only knew the fun we made of her when strumming "on the grand pianner" and bawling out "Meet me by moonlight alone," with her mouth all shapes, like a baked-tater girl of London, or a fish-merchant of New York, she would have *felt* damn, if she didn't say so right out in meeting.

One word here to concert-room singers. Before attempting to face an audience, get a looking-glass, place it before you, and then go it like sixty! all the while watching your "kissing-trap," and in six cases out of twelve the laugh will be against you. No two sing alike—some scarcely open their lips—others just show enough of their pearly white teeth to make the words interesting—and others open their provender-traps wide enough for a coach and four to travel through (providing they were small enough, of course). Did you never notice it? I have hundreds of times, and could call their names, only I never go back on the girls. There's the Black Swan, with a mouth like—but I promised not to mention any names! All right—nobody hurt.

When the French girl used to sing of an afternoon, us boys would lift up the sky-light to let the music out for the benefit of the outsiders. It suited the first cabin folks well enough, but as for the others—well, I wouldn't like to give *their* opinion. Tell you what: after all's said and done, there's no getting out of it that the people proper rule in everything. The aristocracy may hold a higher position in society—what of it?—if left to themselves, everything would soon go to pot. (How classic I'm getting lately!)

Having got through the day without anything very special, and you wouldn't care to have me repeat the substance of former letters, let us come right straight to the subject started with, the Great Eastern hop. According to our expectation, it was quite a select affair, "under the management of a committee"—a sort of mutual admiration society—who had the saying as to who should or who shouldn't go. The principal members were the uniformed officers, who seemed to have nothing to do all the way over but make love to other folks' wives or relatives. As for Captain Paton, he's quite a ladies' man; he danced almost as good as Velarde, and if Trenor, Brooks, or the late Professor Parker (not Thomas H.) were to have seen him, they couldn't help expressing their admiration. For sociability, and as a caterer to the amusement of the passengers, the Captain has no superior on any of the ocean steamers.

At eight o'clock, the band was summoned into the saloon, gracefully festooned with Chinese lanterns, painted so as to represent the stars and stripes (we were then in American waters), and the dancing commenced. Among the most conspicuous on the floor were Muir, Baillie, Dundreary, Parlor Skates, a gent resembling Jack McDonald, and two or three young swells from our department. Avery Smith, Joe Cushing, Col. Quick, and Kentucky didnt come to the ball—they preferred the smoking saloon and draw poker. Ex-Governor Randall, Judge Allen, Professor Wells, Edwin Booth, Bishop Lynch, and other distinguished characters didn't participate either. The room was full, nevertheless. As might be naturally expected, the French girl figured very conspicuously, and danced with nearly every gentleman present. During the intermission, wine was handed round to the ladies, the gentlemen taking something stronger. All kinds of dances, English, Irish, Scotch, and American, were introduced, and everything conducted like a regular ball, in a style not far behind the Light Guard Ball, or that of Fourteen Engine.

They kept up the fun until the "wee sma hours," or else it wouldn't be like a ball, you know, and it only wanted Taylor's Saloon, or the "Manhattan," for the gents to do the decent thing by finishing off with a grand supper. Towards the closing ceremonies, the boys and girls grew more affectionate than ever, and it was pretty rough papers for the outside barbarians to watch how lovingly they hugged each other in the waltz. Do you know I don't think miscellaneous waltzing right, it ought to be stopped. In the Argyle Rooms, or Holborn Casino, of London, they scarcely do anything else but waltz, for what purpose those "who have been there" can tell best, but you mustn't class me amongst them. There's two much "bawdy" about waltzing. Just drop in at some of the Fourth Ward ball rooms and judge for yourselves. I would no more let a strange man waltz with my wife than lend him ten dollars. Mind you, I don't run down dancing altogether, it's only the bawdy-house style they have lately introduced that I buck against, such as you'll see up in Houston street, or down in the Broadway cellars. Say what you will, it ain't the thing. I've seen some of the foulest, most lecherous snakes that ever crawled, waltz with young, innocent girls at many a respectable ball, and thereby pave the way for their hell-begotten, lustful schemes. These kind of rotten sepulchres manage to attend nearly every ball, and no young girl is safe when they are around. Let them, when known, be kicked out of every ball-room in the city.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN CAMP.

CAMP OF THE 139TH REGT. PA. VOLS.,
March 21st.

DEAR CLIPPER:—Your craft of March 14th arrived safe at this port at 2 P. M. yesterday. Its rich cargo of sporting and other news found ready purchasers. As usual, all quiet on the Rap. On the 17th, St. Patrick's day was celebrated by all the sons of Erin, and the "Little Mac" Dramatic Association of the 1st Brigade, made their first bow on that night. The performance comprised recitations, imitations, songs, &c. The following are the actors:—J. H. Morgan, a well-known amateur of Pittsburgh. He has a fine voice, good figure, and a great deal of talent; he would not disgrace the boards. His dagger scene in Macbeth, was good. J. H. Wiseman, in Jack Cade, was excellent. J. J. Bentz, in the Lay of the Madman, was also good, although his build is much against him, he being only five feet three and as round as a beer barrel. J. McWilliams, as Toodles, was good, and T. Perkins, as Hamlet, quite the reverse. John Evans, as Meg Merrilies, gave a fine imitation of Miss Cushman. G. Temmy's song of the Sexton was encored three times. Hear Me Norma, by Harry Clifford, was well received. He has a fine baritone, and will, no doubt, at some future day, pay a professional visit to your city. The Anvil Chorus, by the Monitor Glee Club, was grand, the anvil and hammers having been stolen from a neighboring secesh shop. The tableau gotten up for the occasion, called the Union, was the *cream* of the show. The red light, furnished by T. M. Lloyd, added to the effect. This, their first performance, went off with entire satisfaction, and the *debutantes* received unbounded applause and considerable "chink." They give another performance on the 24th inst., when, I hear, a sprightly young F. F. V., who has fallen in love with one of the actors, will make her *debut*. All the seats have been engaged for the occasion, and a deal of fun is anticipated. The Monitor Glee Club is flourishing, and comprises the following talent:—Lieut. Snodgrass, Basso; Lieut. Bentz, baritone; Major H. J. Hart, air; Doc. L. Brown, tenor; Sergt. Bradberry, alto; Doc. Sloan, S. Garret, A. D. Ryan and J. Trap, chorus. Yours, &c., "NUTS."

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—Thanks for "corrections of corrections." That's what we need. The correction which was mentioned at Wood's, proved to be a "mare's nest."

A GLASGOW CHAPPY, Hokendaugua.—Right welcome on board the CLIPPER once more. One of the positions appears this week, the other is reserved for examination.

A. M. FOLGER, Nantucket, Mass.—Anderson's or Drummond's work is what you need. Bohn's work is not so valuable. The latter can be obtained of any bookseller in this city. Its title is "Bohn's Handbook of Games." Price $1,25, postage unpaid.

CORRECTIONS CORRECTED.

In this week's CLIPPER will be found an interesting article from our well known and valuable correspondent, "Express." Those who really love the game are striving to expose its defects, and it is especially to this class of players that we are all so greatly indebted. And here allow us to affirm a few facts well known by all well-informed draught players in this country, including the Canadas. We assert without fear of contradiction, that the CLIPPER has given all grades of players more solid and useful information than all other publications combined throughout the world, for the past eight years! Every grade of capacity has been addressed—no player too humble to be noticed, and none so exalted as to escape censure—if deserved. We shall continue in the same course, believing that the Draught will still be "deep enough" for the CLIPPER, and the CLIPPER for the Draught.

A DOUBLE CORRECTION.

GAME No. 51—Vol. X.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	10.. 6 to 10	23 to 18
2..15 22	25 18	11..10 14	9 5
3.. 8 11	29 25	12..14 23	26 10
4.. 4 8	25 22	13.. 7 14	28 24
5..12 16	24 20	14..14 17	22 18
6..16 15	21 17	15..17 22	27 23
7.. 9(*a*) 13	17 14	16..13 17	24 19
8.. 8(*b*) 12	14 9	17..17 21	19 15
9.. 5 14	18 9	18.. 3 8	18 14

White wins.

The above game is by John Drummond, author of the "Scottish Draught Player."

(*a*) Drummond gives this as a losing move.

(*b*) He plays here 8 to 12, 6 to 9, or 6 to 10, giving 35 variations of play, White winning in every one. Supposing this:—16 to 19, 23 to 16, 6 to 10, will Mr. Drummond or "any other man" show how White is to win after the 16 to 19 move is made? Mr. D. will find on emamination, that 35 of his Single Corner Variations are "good for *nix*."

H. Spyath, compiler of the "American Draught Player," attempts to correct Drummond by the following line of play:—

☞ See Single Corner, 77th Variation.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	15.. 6 to 9	30 to 26
2..15 22	25 18	16.. 9 14	26 23
3.. 8 11	29 25	17..14 17	28 24
4.. 4 8	24 20	18..17 26	31 22
5..10 15	25 22	19.. 2 6	16 12
6..12 16	21 17	20.. 6 9	19 16
7.. 8 12	17 14	21.. 9 14	22 18
8..16 19	23 16	22..14 17	18 14
9..12 19	27 23	23..17 22	14 9
10.. 9 13	23 16	24..22 26	9 6
11.. 6 10	14 9	25..26 31	6 2
12.. 5 23	26 19	26..31 26	2 6
13..15 24	28 19	27..26 28	6 8
14.. 1 6	32 28	28.. 7 10	8 11

and says the game is "drawn." Don't get disheartened, Mr. S. but play on a little farther, and see how it turns out:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
29..28 to 24	11 to 7	31..24 to 19, Black wins.	
30..10 14	7 2		

Will the "Champion of Buffalo" be kind enough to tell us where the draw comes in after the 28th move of Black?

New York, March, 1863. EXPRESS.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 51—Vol. X.

White.	Black.
1..19 to 15	10 to 26
2..18 15	11 18
3..28 24	20 27
4..32 23, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 114th POSITION.

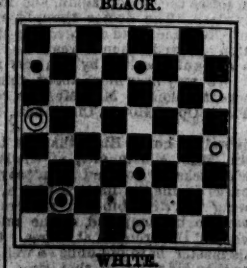
White.	Black.
1..13 to 9	5 to 14
2..23 26	30 23
3..19 10	12 19
4..31 27, and wins.	

POSITION No. 53—Vol. X.

BY A GLASGOW CHAPPY.

End-Game.

BLACK.



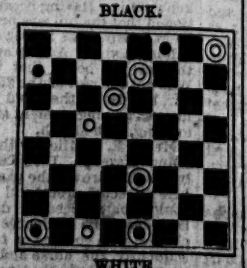
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

[Practical.—ED. D. D.]

THE STURGES' 115th POSITION.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G.	M.	B.	White—Acceptance.	
8.. 7	10		17	14
9..10	17		22	13
10..15	22		26	17

THE GAME OF CHESS.

WORLD'S CONGRESS PROBLEM TOURNEY.

Messrs. Deacon and Healey, the sub-committee for re-revising the prize setts, have made their final report, which it is to be hoped will stay made, and prove the last "final award" we shall be required to have in this vexatious matter. The series of prizes to setts, remain as at last announcement, *viz.*:—Bayer, Plachutta, Novotny, and Rev. McArthur. But the £10 prize for the best single problem has been awarded to No. 6 of "Nymph in thy Orisons," Dr. Conrad Bayer. This places him incontestably at the head of the world as a chess problem composer. The best sett, and the best single problem! No one rivals his proud pre-eminence in problems—as unassailably king in this branch of zatrikiology as is Paul Morphy in play. In Dr. Novotny's sett one faulty position was discovered, still it does not reduce his rank—a style of decision, by the way, that we don't appreciate, when setts are to be compared as unities. Isn't a perfect work of art, of new production, better than a broken or unfinished one? We shall repeat this prize problem next week.

ITALIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—Signori Discart and Bonetti have contested this honor in a match of nine games to win; Signor Discart won by the decisive rate of nine to four. Each had scored, in 1858, one match.

ENIGMA No. 374.

Contributed to Bell's Life in London.

BY HERR MAX LANGE.

at his 7, Q R sq, Q R 7, Q Kt 6, Q B 2, Q 6, K 3, K 5, and White Pawns at K B 2, and K B 4th.

at Q Kt sq, Q sq, Q R 5, Q B sq, Q Kt 2, Q B 5, Q B 6, Q 2, and Black Pawns at K 3, K 5, K B 4, and K B 6th.

White to play and give mate in forty-one moves.

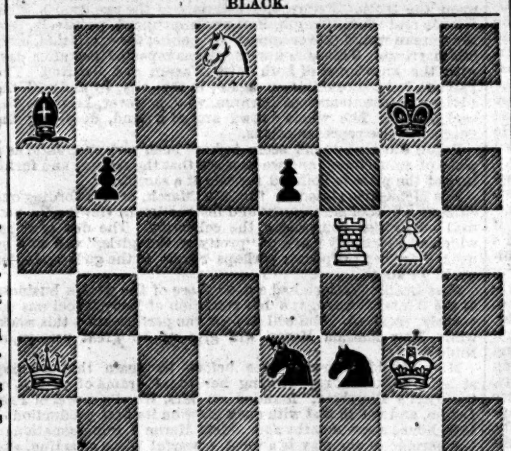
PROBLEM No. 374.

WORLD'S CONGRESS PRIZE SUICIDES.

"MY FAVORITES."

BY COUNT ARNOLD PONGRACZ

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in seven moves.

GAME No. 374.

Recently contested between our contributor P. Richardson and an Amateur.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q × K B	Q to K B 3
2..K Kt–B 3	K Kt–B 3	15..Q B–his 3	Q–her R 3
3..P–Q 4	K Kt × P	16..Q–her Kt sq	P–K R 3
4..Q Kt–B 3	K Kt × Kt	17..K Kt–K 5	P–Q 3
5..Kt P × Kt	K P × P	18..K B–R 7 +	K–his R sq
6..B 2d P × P	Q–K 2 +	19. Kt–his 6 +	K + B (best)
7..Q B–K 3	Q–Kt 5 +	20..Kt × R + +	K–Kt sq
8..Q B–Q 2	Q–her Kt 3	21..Q–K R 7 +	K × K Kt
9..K B–Q 3	K B–K 2	22..Q × Kt P +	K–K 2 (best)
10..Castles	Castles	23..K R–K sq +	Q B–K 3 "
11..P–Q B 4	P–Q B 4	24..K B × B +	K–Q sq "
12..P–Q 5	K B–his 3	25..B–K B 6 +	K–Q B 2
13..P–Q R 4	K B × R	26..K R–K 7 +	Kt covers,

and the Attack mates beautifully in six moves.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FIFTY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

JACKSON P. VANSTAVOREN.

Born in Philadelphia; made his first acquaintance with theatrical life as a call boy, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1836. When only seventeen years of age, he made such rapid progress in his art, that he acted Hamlet, meeting with great applause. He was afterwards prompter of the same establishment for a long time, until he accidentally broke one of his legs. Left the profession, and studied medicine in Philadelphia under Mr. McClelland, and obtained his diploma at the age of 21 years.

Died at an early age, of consumption.

JOSEPH VANSTAVOREN.

Born in Philadelphia; made his first appearance on the stage in 1833, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Phihladelpia, as call boy. First appeared in New York at the Chatham Theatre.,

In 1850, he joined Wm. B. English's Dramatic Circuit Company, and traveled through the small towns and cities of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine.

Died in New York, July, 1852.

MONS. CHARLES RONZI VESTRIS.

Made his first appearance on the American stage August 30th, 1828, in New York. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia as a French dancer, at the Walnut Street Theatre, January 6th, 1829, in a grand *pas de deux*.

This gentleman was accompanied by his wife, Madame Maria Ronzi Vestris.

On their first appearance in Philadelphia, they experienced considerable opposition. A great cry was raised by the "fashionables," "that their performances were not select enough, and to patronize them would be to approve of the vices and manners of Parisian life." This "great cry for little wool" proved highly beneficial for these artistes, for during their whole engagement, the house was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. They were deserving of all the support they received.

MISS ROSALIE DURAND,

Born in Philadelphia, made her first appearance on any stage at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, during the winter of 1854. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia June 11, '55, at the City Museum, in English opera, appearing as Arline, in the "Bohemian Girl." On the 3d of September, '55, she first appeared in New York, at Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, where she remained nearly the whole season.

Soon after, she started on a "starring tour" with a company of performers, to give English opera. Has visited nearly all the cities south and west.

Nature cast this lady in a beautiful mould. Graceful and dignified; playful, piquant, and spiritual; she may indeed be regarded as an enchanting syren, whose witching song and beauty are well calculated to attract and "fix" the beholder. Every glance of those love-darting eyes might be likened to one of Cupid's arrows, replete with mischief.

In April, 1859, sailed for California, and made her *debut* at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, and afterwards left for Australia, where, we believe, she is at present.

MRS. JAMES REEVE.

Maiden-name, Miss Seymour; was adopted by Mrs. Blexton, who gave her all the care which an affectionate parent would have given. She brought her up to the stage, and Miss Seymour soon became a very useful member of the profession. In 1821, she was married in New Orleans, to Mr. J. Reeve, treasurer for Mr. J. H. Caldwell.

Died at Natchez in 1825. Mr. Reed committed suicide in Tennessee, in 1835.

During the season of 1821-2, she was attached to the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, but at the close of the season accepted an engagement with Mr. Caldwell, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, and remained there till her death.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

MERRY FIGHT

BETWEEN

BOB HEFFERAN AND TOM GODDARD, FOR £10.

These lads, who for some time past have been matched to fight for £10 a side, at 7st 4 lb, met on Wednesday, March 4, to decide it. They went to the scale on Monday at Mr. Millson's, the White Horse, Orchard street (from which house Hefferan was backed), and both were well within the weight—Hefferan pulling down the beam at 7st 1 lb, and Goddard at 7st 2 lb. Goddard was backed from Jesse Hatton's, and trained at the Cottage of Content, Kensal Green, under the care of Tom Callis. He is twenty-eight years of age, and this was his third appearance in the ring—his first fight being with Moxey, of Cheltenham, whom he defeated, and then, after a protracted fight of nearly three hours, made a draw with Tommy Hackett. Hefferan, who will be twenty-two on the 21st of the present month, has also been in the ring twice before, beating Williams in one hour and 49 min., and Young Keefe in one hour 39 min.; for this event he trained himself at Mr. J. Garratt's, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth. The meeting was London Bridge at an early hour, and Hefferan and his friends were there at the appointed time, but Goddard did not make his appearance for a long time after the hour fixed. This caused a great delay, and the growls of discontent were loud and deep. At length the signal was given where to book to, and it was found that a long journey had been decided on. The train, however, being express, the destination was soon reached, and the disappointment of all may be imagined when they found the "blues" in force, and especially when the latter expressed their determination to prevent its coming off in that county. No alternative remained but to get "out of that" as quickly as possible, which was done; but this caused such a delay that it was midday ere a spot could be found whereon to pitch the ropes and stakes. This being at last done, Goddard was the first to enter the ring, waited upon by Jemmy Keefe and Young Lynch, and having for his colors a blue and white handkerchief. Hefferan soon followed, attended by Hunt, of Cheltenham, and a friend, and had the old fashioned blue bird's eye for his colors. Now came another delay of nearly half an hour before any one could be persuaded to accept the office of referee, which the pugilists and their friends have themselves to thank for, as it is always a most unpleasant office, even without the great abuse oftentimes met with by those undertaking the onerous duty. At length one was found to fill the chair. The men tossed for the choice of corners, which was won by Hefferan, and they at once began to peel, and at twenty minutes to one o'clock stood up for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. On throwing themselves into attitude, much disparity in height appeared, Hefferan standing considerably over his opponent, having his left well advanced, and his right playing lightly across the mark, ready for attack or defence. He had an immense plaster round his loins and back, reaching quite up to his arm-pits, and we think Goddard's friends would have been perfectly justified in objecting to it. Goddard, although shorter than his adversary, stood very artistically, and looked very confident. In point of condition, both were as well as their friends could wish. Business was commenced by Goddard, who had his face to the sun, working round until both got close to the ropes in Bob's corner. Here they sparred for an opening, and the way in which they manœuvred for a chance, feinted and broke, was very pretty and exciting, and would have done credit to many who have been backed for much heavier stakes. Neither seemed inclined to lead off, the *forte* of each evidently being countering. Goddard, at length espying, as he thought, an opening, got his left at the face, but Hefferan jumped back laughing; Bob then tried his left, but was out of distance; then came more sparring and weaving about. Hefferan was again short with the left, but in a second attempt he got home slightly on the chest with the left, and made his right on the ear, Goddard countering on the mouth and forehead. This brought them together, when some rapid exchanges took place until they closed, when Hefferan, after a seort struggle, threw his man—7 min.

2. On coming up, blood wes seen trickling from the under lip of Hefferan, which was immediately claimed for Goddard. Hefferan lost but little time in getting to work, and sent in a sharp left-hander on the left eye, making Goddard wink again; he, however, unhesitatingly returned on the mouth, causing a fresh flow of blood. This brought on a sharp exchange of blows, after which they broke away and some very pretty sparring took place, during which the men once or twice stepped back and put down their hands. Hefferan then dashed out his left, but it went over Goddard's shoulder, for which kind intention Tommy countered him sharply on the mouth; more sparring, when Hefferan let go his left on the left eye and received on the mouth. Bob again tried his left, but Goddard was away. Bob once more tried his left, which this time got home with effect on the left eye. Goddard at once got to close quarters, and the infighting was very spirited, until Goddard clutched, when Hefferan threw him. Time, 15 min.

3. Both rather slow to the call of time, the heat being very great, and the seconds having to use cold water freely. Hefferan was the first to begin, but was short with his left, Goddard countering him on the mouth. Both were very cautious, neither seeming inclined to lead off, and after a tedious bout of sparring, they put down their hands and stood for a minute looking at each other. On again getting to distance, Hefferan landed his left well on the chest, and jumped away from the return; he then repeated the dose, but this time received a smack on the ribs in return. Goddard stopped Bob's left very neatly, Hefferan then got slightly on the mouth with the left, and very heavily on the jaw with his right, knocking Goddard back. Hefferan again invested on the mouth with the left, and sent a tremendous hit with the right, completely laying open Goddard's left eyebrow, and deluging him with blood. This seemed to knock poor Tom all abroad, for again and again did Hefferan dash in his left with terrific force on the nose and left jaw, Tom returning but slightly on the left cheek and mouth. This brought them together, and during the close, Hefferan was extremely busy with both hands until they got to the ropes, when Hefferan for a second or two held Goddard in the hug, and then threw him, falling over him. Time, 30 min.

From this point Hefferan took a strong lead, getting all over his opponent's face, head, and ear, and Goddard's jaw and throat were much swollen, and both eyes in mourning; while Hefferan, with the exception of a slight swelling of the mouth, and his face a little flushed, was unscathed. In the eleventh round, Hefferan delivered a straight hit from the shoulder, which alighted on the mark, and completely doubled poor Goddard up, and cries arose of "It's all over!" but, to the surprise of all assembled, he kept coming round after round, and never did any one strive harder or more gamely to achieve victory. Even when the case was quite hopeless, he continued to "scratch," and Hefferan administered some very heavy punishment. At the finish of the twenty sixth round, (time, 1 hour 22 min) when the fight was virtually over, a policeman stepped within the ropes, and snatched, for the time, the victory from Hefferan. Of course, a move, and a long one, had to be made, vehicles of every description being presed into service, but the pertinacious "bobbies" would not be shaken off, and the referee named Thursday morning, eight o'clock, Fenchurch street. Both men and a large number of their friends were there, but the backers of Goddard stated that his jaw-bone was brokon, and they would not suffer him to fight any more; therefore, Hefferan was declared the winner without further trouble.

DETERMINED MILL IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT.

On Monday, March 8, two young pugs of the hardware village, T. James (*alias* "Ginger") and Young Rooter, met at the Green Lanes, Yardley, to settle their claims to fistic superiority. Both have figured in the roped arena, Ginger's principal engagements having been with that piece of adamant, Mick the Grecian, at whose hands he suffered defeat, after fighting 2 hours 50 min., fifty-eight rounds in all. He was subsequently matched with Young Tierney, of Birmingham, but, prior to hostilities, Ginger was apprehended (rumor says purposely.) Of Rooter, we have to record a defeat by that clever little boxer, Frank Wilson (Mat Collinson's Mouse,) after some fearfully punishing work on both sides. On arriving at the appointed spot, which was reached by eight o'clock, little time was lost in peeling, and the bantams at once got to work.

Round 1. Rooter led with a slashing hit on the nose, and got fairly countered on the organ, when some sharp exchanges followed, slightly in favor of Ginger; a close, and bosh down, Rooter under.

2. Very cautious and clever sparring for fifteen minutes, when Rooter got home heavily on the mouth, and received on the nose. Some ding-dong work followed, and eventually Ginger went to grass.

3. Ginger, after well measuring his distance, let fly a fine left-hander straight on the mouth, which at once drew blood, and received a most unfriendly tap on the mouth for his pains. More punching work with a vengeance, and both down.

4. 2 to 1 freely offered on Ginger, but with no response. Rooter now took the initiative, and got all over Ginger's facial region with great effect, somewhat damaging the appearance of his frontispiece; Ginger, in the return, getting on the ribs, but not with effect, and going to grass to avoid.

5. Rooter followed up his tactics by again investing heavily on the left eye and jaw, likewise on the ribs, one-two style, when they got to hot work, and Ginger again down to avoid. Even betting.

6 to 12. In each of these rounds, Rooter landed with great effect all over the frontispiece, making his right with great rapidity on the body; Ginger, by no means idle, returning on the throat and chest, and then to grass to avoid. At the end of the twelfth round, a cry arose that the "shiny-tops" were on the scent, and sure enough they arrived at the scene of action, and put a stop to further hostilities, thus obliging the combatants and their followers to adjourn some distance further, to the vicinity of Hobb's-lane, in the next county (Worcestershire), where the men were again quickly put into milling shape, and continued a capital fight—Rooter the stronger, and administering "as hot as hot;" "the Ginger" having lost something of its heat. In the thirtieth round, Rooter obtained a fine knock-down, by a straight right-hander plump on the cranium; after which, the odds veered in his favor at 2 to 1. Ginger quickly retaliated by a blow on the nose (from the effects of which his right hand puffed fearfully), literally smashing that organ. A system of the most determined punching now commenced. Ginger, however, got gradually weaker, until fifty-eight rounds had been fought (occupying in all 1 hour 35 min.) with undiminished pluck on both sides, when nature gave way, and Ginger's seconds, seeing the state of their man, gave in for him. On leaving the ring, Ginger showed much

punishment about the face, while Rooter had scarcely a scratch, except upon his nose.

REMARKS.—That the above was a thoroughly genuine bit of British boxing, none can deny. Rooter, who is a thick set and thoroughly hard piece of stuff, forcibly reminding one of Mick the Grecian, possesses some bruising qualities of a rare order; Ginger, on the other hand, having superior science to meet that advantage. Youth, however, will be served, and the (comparative) veteran had to succumb to his more youthful adversary. Rooter, in this battle, from his clever victory, has made innumerable friends, and it is to be hoped that his merits will be appreciated.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Wednesday, March 4, Mr. Boswell, riding-master of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, undertook to walk 50 miles in twelve hours, in the grounds at Brompton for a good stake. There was an extra bet that he did not accomplish the first sixmiles in one hour. The event appeared to excite an unusual degree of interest among the aristocratic admirers of pedestrianism, and during the eventful day there was a very large attendance of noblemen and gentlemen in the grounds to witness the arduous undertaking. At seven o'clock, A. M., the preliminaries having been most satisfactorily adjusted, the signal was given by the referee for the start, and Mr. Boswell commenced his journey at a good pace, and accomplished the first six miles in 59 min 25 secs.—thus winning the first event by 35 secs., but not quite so easy as anticipated by his friends, for from the time he started up to the seventh mile there was a heavy fog, which causcd Mr. B. to blow a good deal, and when five miles had been paced over, he had the cramp in the calf of the leg; but in spite of this he continued on with great determination, and completed twenty-five miles in 5h 7 min. He now took a shower bath, which Mr. Roberts, the proprietor, has in the grounds, and also partook of some refreshment, after which he continued his task with great pluck and in a most sportsmanlike manner. At the end of the 35th mile he took another bath, but very little refreshment, and again started off, but although he appeared fresh and well he went rather dicky upon his understandings, through his feet being much blistered. He soon, however, warmed up, and shook the lameness off in a great measure, and eventually walked in a gallant winner in 11 hours, 3 minutes, 44 seconds, thus winning by 46 minutes, 16 seconds, and, with the exception of his feet being a little blistered, he was not much the worse for his long journey, which is a great task for any man without training, and more especially to a gentleman like Mr. Boswell, not much accustomed to a great deal of walking; and being 13st. 7lb. in weight, over six feet in height, and upwards of forty years of age, it must be deemed a very great pedestrian feat, indeed; Mr. C. Westhall regulated the time and paid him strict attention throughout. Mr. E. Smith was referee and time keeper. A great deal of money changed owners. The following is the correct time:—

Miles.	*Hours.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*	*Miles.*	*Hours.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*
1	0	10	0	26	5	33	23
2	0	19	10	27	5	47	20
3	0	29	7	28	6	0	30
4	0	39	10	29	6	13	50
5	0	49	23	30	6	27	14
6	0	59	25	31	6	40	25
7	1	11	18	32	6	53	0
8	1	23	46	33	7	6	24
9	1	35	56	34	7	19	16
10	1	47	45	35	7	31	58
11	1	59	58	36	7	58	45
12	2	12	40	37	8	11	32
13	2	25	35	38	8	24	31
14	2	41	10	39	8	38	5
15	2	54	7	40	8	51	25
16	3	7	20	41	9	6	48
17	3	20	22	42	9	19	54
18	3	33	40	43	9	32	44
19	3	47	14	44	9	45	36
20	4	0	57	45	9	59	7
21	4	14	35	46	10	11	30
22	4	27	56	47	10	24	40
23	4	41	16	48	10	37	34
24	4	54	27	49	10	50	40
25	5	7	0	50	11	3	44

EXCITING TEN-MILE RACE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND YOUNG ENGLAND.—The ten-mile race between Teddy Mills (Young England) and Deerfoot, for £50 a-side, brought, as usual, a large muster of the admirers of the "fleet of foot" to Hackney Wick, on Monday, March 9, when, despite the other attractions in the metropolis, no fewer than 1000 persons were present. The past performances of the competitors are now well known, and, therefore, need no repetition. Before the men appeared, the betting was 2 to 1 and 7 to 4 on the Indian, but when Teddy came on to the ground,—looking none the worse for his trip to Newcastle—and wanted to back himself for even money, the odds veered round to a shade of odds on the "little-'un." Deerfoot looked well, but in consequence of a break-out, Martin was not sanguine, and we believe hedged a trifle of the stakes by backing the paleface. The time of starting was fixed for half-past four, and shortly after that time, Deerfoot showed on the ground, quickly followed by Mills. Dick Lewis, of Clerkenwell, did the attentive to the Indian, while Sam Barker, of Billinsgate, as usual, was Teddy's mentor. The men had to traverse the ground sixty-seven times and 180 yards, and consequently had to pass the referee sixty-eight times. Mills won the toss for the choice of stations, and took the inside, which caused an observation from a bystander that Teddy was the winner of the first chalk, and he would back him 6 to 4 for the race! Immediately after the start, Mills, with his usual bounding and graceful action, went to the front, and led the way at a merry pace for the first mile, which was accomplished in 4 min. 50 sec. The same order continued up to the ninth lap, when Deerfoot, with a fine dash, went in front, and led the way by a couple of yards at the conclusion of the second mile, which was run in 9 min. 52 sec. No change took place during the third mile, which was completed in 15 min. 7. sec. The fourth mile was run in 20 min. 20 sec., with no variations in the positions of the men. In the fifth, Deerfoot broke away for a few yards more than once, but Teddy soon dashed after him, and resumed his close attendance on Deerfoot's track, and they passed the fifth mile mark in 25 min. 35 sec. No change occurred during the sixth mile, which was accomplished in 31 min. 3 sec. The race from this point was of a very interesting character, from the fact of Deerfoot receiving the "office" from George Martin to improve the pace, *if possible*, and improve the pace he did to such an extent that he soon made a gap of forty yards between himself and Teddy, who was by no means put out, for when he found that Deerfoot stopped his rush, Mills pulled himself together, and, making one of his splendid spurts, was again soon close behind Deerfoot, and they were in the old positions, Deerfoot leading by a couple of yards, when seven miles had been completed in 36 min. 25 sec. In the eighth mile, Deerfoot again took a decided lead, but only on sufferance, as Teddy went up to him with apparent ease, and they—nearly together—passed the eighth mile mark in 41 min. 40 sec. The ninth mile was completed in 47 min. 10 sec., without any variation in position. It was not until they had passed the referee for the last lap that any change took place. The excitement on all sides was tremendous, those who had backed Deerfoot shouting at the top of their voices, while the Mills division was equally vociferous. As they entered into the straight on the far side of the course, Mills pulled himself together, and in a few strides was level with the Indian, who gamely tried to break away, but could only manage to "hold his own" for a few yards. When halfway up the hill, Teddy made the pace a "cracker," and Deerfoot was to all intents and purposes settled, for on their entering the straight run home, Mills was leading by half a dozen yards, which was increased, despite the now well-known Deerfoot rush, into nine good yards as they passed the winning-post in 82 min. 24 sec. Both men were much distressed at the finish, but soon recovered and showed amongst their friends. The following is the time:—

Miles.	min.	sec.	Miles.	min.	sec.
1	4	50	6	31	3
2	9	52	7	36	25
3	15	7	8	41	40
4	20	20	9	47	10
5	25	35	10	52	24

WRESTLING.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.—On Saturday, March 7, the roads leading to the grounds at Audenshaw were lined with vehicles of every description, while hundreds were "trudging it merrily" to the scene of action on "Shanks' pony," the cause of this stir being a wrestling match for the Championship. Every person who pays any attention to wrestling will be familiar with the names of William Schora, of Ashton, and John Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe. They met on this occasion to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for £25 a side, the winner to receive the beautiful gold challenge cup, value sixty guineas, in the possession of Schora. John Meadowcroft first saw the light on April 23, 1838, at Radcliffe, Lancashire. He is a well-knit, powerful young man. He commenced his career by defeating Heck, of Bury, for £15 a side. He was next defeated by Robin Clough, of Hollinwood, for £30 a side, at the Copenhagen Grounds. He was next successful against Mack, of Birtle, for £25 a side. Won the Champion's belt, at 6 score 6lb., at the Copenhagen Grounds. Was defeated by the Jumbo Lad, for the belt and £25 a side. Defeated Schora, for £25 a side and the belt, at the Copenhagen Grounds. Defeated Robin Clough, of Hollinwood for £50 a side. Was beaten by Acton, of Hurst, for the belt and £25 a side. Defeated Acton, for £100 a side, at the City Grounds, Manchester. Defeated Bentley, of Oldham, for £20 a side, at the Copenhagen Grounds, giving him two pounds in weight. William Schora is a native of Ashton, and was 24 years of age on the 14th of last November. He began by defeating Larry Bouff, of Mossley, for £5 a side, at catch-weight. Defeated Allen Beaumont, of Staleybridge, for £20 a side, on Feb. 12, 1858, at Victoria Grounds, Ashton. Defeated John Matley, of Ashton, in August, 1859, for £50 a side, at 6 score 12lb, at the Snipe Inn. Again defeated J. Matley, for £50 a side, the following Christmas, at Victoria Grounds. Defeated Bobby Corney, of Chadderton, for £25 a side—Schora, 5 score 10lb; Corney, 6 score 12lb—at the Copenhagen Grounds, in September. Drew with E. Buckley, at Oldham, catch-weight, for £5 a side. Was defeated by J. Newton, of Charlestown, on Christmas, 1860, for £50 a side. At the Snipe Inn, at 6 score 10lb, defeated Robin Clough, for £50 a side, at 5 score 17lb, on May 25, 1861. At the Copenhagen Grounds, defeated Jumbo Lad, for £25 a side and the belt, at 6 score 6lb, on June 8, 1861. At the Copenhagen Grounds, was defeated by Meadowcroft, for £25 a side and the belt, on March 22, 1862. The Champion's gold cup was first given on August 23, on which occasion it was won by Schora, and has been in his possession ever since. The weather on this occasion was everything that could be desired, and, on arriving within the enclosure, upwards of 1,500 persons had assembled to witness the contest. Mr. Holden, of Manchester, was stakeholder, and Robin Clough, of Hollinwood, mutually selected referee. The betting opened at evens, and soon rose to 7 to 4 on Schora before proceedings commenced. At the time appointed, both men entered the enclosure, Schora being attended by Robert Ross (*alias* "Captain"), of Waterloo, and J. Newton (better known as "Teapot"), of Staleybridge; whilst Meadowcroft had secured the services of John Matley, of Ashton, and M.[Bentley, of Bury. All being in readiness, the men disrobed and commenced operations, both being as lively as could be; however, in seven minutes, Meadowcroft came to grief. After resting ten minutes, during which time 2 and 3 to 1 was freely offered on Schora, the men again began, and some spirited play was exhibited; in twenty-three minutes, Meadowcroft threw Schora very heavily, and rolled him over. This, of course, made the game level, and Schora seemed very queer. 3 and 4 to 1 was offered on Meadowcroft. After the usual rest, they again came to the mark, when the tug of war commenced. Both looked the worse for wear, more especially Schora. However, in seven minutes more, Schora caught and threw Meadowcroft, and the referee decided that Schora was the winner of the Championship.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The fifth deposit, of £25 a side, was made on Thursday, March 5, at Mr. Laidler's New Inn, Old Bailey, when a very large number of the friends of the Newcastle man showed. Everson was represented by Messrs. Wall, Heath, and Crowe, with here and there a few staunch supporters, who do not wish to be too prominent at the present stage of affairs. There was no betting. On Wednesday, however, £65 to £40 was laid on Chambers, which was taken by a city bookmaker, who goes for the Kentish man. After the deposit was made, there was some discussion upon the management of the steamboats, which, however, after a few suggestions, was left in abeyance, until after the race between Oxford and Cambridge. Both men are reported to be well, and the friends of each are confident.

By later advices from England, we learn that the betting in London is rather more than 6 to 4 on Chambers, yet the backers of the London man do not take the above odds, while they accept 7 to 4 very kindly. A few days since, £65 to £40 was betted upon Chambers, a well-known backer and friend to the London watermen supporting the Greenwich man. Both men have gone into strict work—Everson at Mr. Parkhurst's, Bull's Head, Barnes, and Chambers at Harry Clasper's, Scotswood-road, Newcastle, under the celebrated Harry. Chambers has had a new boat built expressly, which is said to give every satisfaction. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all, 33 ft; extreme breadth, 9½ in; height of stem, 3¾ in; height of stern, 2¾ in; and a trifle over 30 lb in weight. It is not decided in which boat Everson will row, but there are a couple now ready for his use.

ENGLAND'S TWO GREAT CRICKETING ELEVENS.—The cricket season in England promises to be immense, and the All England and United All England Elevens have a large number of first-class events already on hand. Here they are, with date, etc.:—ALL-ENLAND ELEVEN.—May 4, at Fulneck, near Leeds, v. Twenty-two of Passey and District; May 11, at Sheffield, v. Eighteen of Sheffield. W. Slinn's benefit; May 14, at Glasgow, v. Twenty-two of Clydesdale Club; May 18, at Birkenshaw, near Leeds, v. Twenty-two; May 21, at Old Trafford, Manchester. North v. South; May 25, at Lord's, v. United Eleven. Benefit of Cricketers' Fund; May 28, at Bath, v. Twenty-two; June 1, at Halifax, v. Twenty-two of the District; June 4, Old Trafford, v. Sixteen of Manchester, with two bowlers; June 8, at Southampton, v. Twenty-two of Union Club; June 16, at Dewsbury, v. Twenty-two; June 18, at Broughton, v. Twenty of Club and Ground; June 25, at Redditch, v. Twenty-two; July 2, at Morley, v. Twenty-two; July 16, at Hackwood Park, v. Twenty-two of Basingstoke; July 27, at Walsall, v. Twenty-two; July 30, at Lonsight, v. Twenty; Aug. 3, at Boston Spa, v. Twenty-two; Aug. 6, at Ashton-under-Lyne, v. Twenty-two; Aug. 17, at Lawton Hall, Cheshire, v. Twenty-two; Aug. 20, at Harrogate, v. Twenty-two; Aug. 24, at Scarborough, v. Twenty-two; Aug. 27, at Liverpool, North v. South.

UNITED ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.—May 14, at Gomersal, near Leeds, v Twenty-two; May 18, at Southsea, v Twenty-two of East Hants; May 25, at Lord's, All England Eleven v United All England, for the Cricketers's Fund; May 28, at Oxford, v Twenty Christ Church College; June 1, at Ealing, v Twenty, with two bowlers; June 8, at Seaforth, near Liverpool, v Twenty of the Northern Club, with two bowlers; Aug. 6, at Southgate, v John Walker, Esq.'s, Sixteen; Aug. 10, at Otley, Yorkshire, v Twenty-two; Aug. 13, at Southampton, v Twenty-two of the Union Club; Aug. 24, at Hastings, v Twenty-two; Aug. 31, at Newport, Isle of Wight, v Twenty-two of the Island; Sept. 7, at Godalming, v (the number not fixed). Some other fixtures will doubtless be made for the latter part of the season.

BILLIARD MATCH.—On Monday evening, March 2, a match was played at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, between Mr. W. Dalton, the late winner of the cup, and Mr. G. Hall, 1,000 up, for £25 a side, Dufton giving 350 points. The game commenced at half-past seven, the betting being 6 to 4 on Dufton, (with no takers) who increased his score rapidly at starting, but eventually the balls broke in favor of Mr. Hall, who, playing remarkably well and with increased confidence, ran his score up to 706 to Dufton's 506, where there was an interval of ten minutes. On resuming play, Dufton's ball and the red were in baulk, and Hall not scoring, Dufton let loose all his skill, and played in the same form as when he won the cup, and was loudly applauded for several spurts of 25 and 30 off the balls, until his score reached 887 to Hall's 902. Then came the break of the evening, Dufton scoring 65 off the balls—principally losing hazards—having holed himself 17 times in succession off the red ball. Mr. Hall's chance now seemed gone, but he still struggled on, and when his score stood 934, Dufton's reached 1002, amidst loud cheers and flattering compliments for the cool and steady manner in which he played the last 500 against such long odds.

ALL ENGLAND PIGEON SHOOTING HANDICAP.—Mr. Clulee's handicap came off at Aston Cross, near Birmingham, on Tuesday, March 3, when upwards of 300 persons were on the grounds. The first prize was £8 10s; second prize, £3; and third prize, £2 10s. Twenty-four members accepted to shoot at two birds each. The first prize was won by G. Luckman, who brought down five birds in succession. The second prize was won by Mr. Terry, who killed eight out of nine birds; and the third by Mr. Nevitt, who killed seven out of nine. Betting on the guns, 2 and 3 to 1.

CRICKETERS DECIDED ANTI-MALTHUSIANS.—W. Beldham (the famous Surrey Cricketer,) had 39 (!) children; John Sherman (the old Surrey Cricketer,) had 21 children; Thos. Chas. Howard (the Hampshire Cricketer,) had 19 children; George Brown (the great Sussex Cricketer,) had 17 children.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—A match of this description has been made by Messrs. Taylor and Stephenson, the farthest throw in three trials each, to win.

NEW AND EXTENSIVE SPORTING-GROUNDS were to be opened at Bow, London, Eng., on March 10, called "The Prince of Wales Olympia Running-grounds," in honor of the Prince, over whose wedding with the Princess of Denmark, all England has well nigh gone mad.

GOING ON THE STAGE.

A FEW WORDS TO THE NOVICE.

EDITOR CLIPPER: A desire to join the ranks of Thespis is a very common one among our juvenile friends, and many are the "first appearances" you are called upon to record. In the majority of cases, a brief initiation into the mysteries of the stage, by means of amateur performances, is thought to be the best plan; in others, the Tyro, male or female, owns to no interval between the retirement of home and the publicity of the theatre—makes a dash, comes out, and either succeeds or fails.

It is manifest to us, and we think it will be to the general reader, that the former plan is the best. Even on the amateur boards, young persons acquire a knowledge of what is called "stage business;" learn how to stand, move, how to "make up," how to modulate the voice, and many other things. All this is a great advantage, and another advantage is, that, in a private theatre, the novice is more free to acquire these necessary items of professional knowledge, because he or she is not expected to be versed in anything of the kind at first or for a long time after; whereas, in the instance of a public theatre, the actor or actress *must* be versed in these proprieties, or cut a very ridiculous figure—that is, except in those extraordinary cases where there is intuitive genius and a natural attitude for the objects sought.

Under the most favorable circumstances, however, the young aspirant for the theatric laurel, will have to study and labor hard, ere he can be an actor in the true signification of the title. It is not enough that he should get through his allotted part—not enough, even, that he should invoke the plaudits of his audience. Many men do this who are not really actors, and never will be. The legitimate performer, on the contrary, must first carefully examine what his part in the play *is* and *how*, as it is the province of acting, to "hold the mirror up to Nature." This part ought to be interpreted to the people in front.

When he has attained the proper degree of knowledge, by mastering the words he has to speak, it will be essential for him to perfect himself in emphasis. We need scarcely hint our meaning to the reader. By emphasis, we signify the particular stress laid upon certain words. In the tragic muse, more than in the comic, the science of this emphasis must be studied, for there, the plot, action, and dialogue being more complicated than in the opposite style of representation, the slurring over of one word even very frequently mars the meaning of a whole passage.

All this being understood, it will be well for the young actor, or actress, to study daily at home. Many of our young friends have run away with the notion, that nothing is required to keep them "up" in the correct knowledge of their business beyond their daily rehearsals. This is a fallacy. Acting, like everything else in the shape of a trade, must be studied thoroughly.

There is one evil which we would guard all young professionals against. It is going on the stage at night, imperfect in the text. This is a transgression properly fineable in all theatres of respectability. It is a twofold evil beside, as it tends to ridiculous pauses and blunderings on the part of some players, and to the substitution of improper words, on that of others. The latter is called "gagging," and ought to be very carefully avoided.

FRIEND.

PUFFING.—John Kemble and Lewis, happening to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for a night's performance in *Leon* and the *Copper Captain*. Their announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage:—"They never performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability* they never will again; this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *chimera*. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his endeavors to delight the public; beyond this it is not in *nature* to go!"

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder, and received the following reply:—Sir, I cannot understand why, because I opened the ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning. Yours, &c."

EQUATION.—Two boys, one of them blind of an eye, were discoursing on the merits of their respective matters. "How many hours do you get for sleep?" "Eight," replied the other. "Eight! why I only gets four!" "Ah!" said the first, "but recollect you have only got *one eye* to close, and I have two."

PERSIAN FEMALES.—Among the modes of attraction enjoined on Persian females is this—"let their crimson-tinted toes be exposed, in order that the young men may see and admire them with wounded hearts."

AN OLD DISEASE.—"My dear," said a lady to a little girl, "what is the matter with your mother?" "She's got the *rebellious* fever, ma'am!" A somewhat common disorder.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 403.

DRAMATIC.

ment, but remained its manager for one year only at that time. At the expiration of Mr. Willard's lease, Mr. James Pilgrim became its lessee and manager, and the theatre was under his charge two seasons, at the end of which time Mr. Willard again became its lessee. Mr. W. retained its management only one year, and Mr. Wm. B. English has for the greater dart of the time, since then, been its manager. Like the Old National, the establishment has had a checkered existence, and it never has been very remunerative for any considerable length of time. It was well constructed, and the stage was commodious and well arranged. When the theatre was first built and fitted up, the greater part of the scenery and wardrobe belonging to the old Boston Theatre were purchased and added thereto. Mr. Willard, we believe, also added largely to the stock of scenery, properties and wardrobes, having taken them from the Old Metropolitan Theatre, New York. The entire loss will be about $100,000, but, unfortunately, the amount of insurance is comparatively small. While we regret the loss sustained, we rejoice in not having heard of any fatality or injury to any one. That such a conflagration should occur without loss of life, beside which, the loss of property is as a mere nothing, is a wonder, and reflects great credit upon the Boston fire department. It was fortunate indeed that the fire did not break out during the performance, and thus result in panic and consequent injury and perhaps death. Some on the stage and in the auditorium smelt smoke just before the close of the performance, or between eleven and twelve P. M., but thought nothing of it, and a Mr. Griffin, the watchman, and who occupied with his family an upper room on Portland street, states that he went over the theatre about ten minutes before the alarm was given, and saw no signs of fire.

CARD.—SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1st March, 1863.—FRANK QUEEN.—*Sir:*—My attention has been drawn to a few remarks of one of your San Francisco correspondents, dated December 20th, 1862, and appearing in the N. Y. CLIPPER of January 31st, last. Fair View therein states that Leighton was not lessee of the American Theatre here during the short and unprofitable engagement of J. H. Taylor, but hired the house from night to night, Mr. Adolph Meaubert being the actual lessee, and the person from whom the theatre was rented. Fair View further adds, that the members of the company had agreed to share, during Mr. Taylor's engagement, *pro rata*, and that even the dead expenses were not paid. I write in great pain from a sick bed, but justice to Leighton demands that I should exert myself so far as to comment, briefly, on Fair View's remarks. In the first place, let me state that Leighton had been, for many months, lessee of the American Theatre, previous to Mr. J. H. Taylor's term; and that his lease did not expire until after that gentleman's engagement, and re-engagement, with him, of twenty-four nights; also let me add that, at the time in question, instead of his hiring from Mr. Meaubert, the reverse was the case, Mr. Meaubert hired from him. The last named gentleman did not become lessee of the establishment until early in December last. Further—I would state that the members of the company were not upon shares, but salaries; and, as the strongest proof of the satisfactory character of the arrangements, the whole company (the star—Mr. J. H. Taylor—included) at the expiration of Mr. J. H. Taylor's re-engagement, tendered Mr. Leighton a complimentary benefit, and one and all without a solitary exception—actors, musicians, employees,—afforded their services gratuitously on the occasion, which proved to be the most brilliant and crowded assemblage of the season. I am little in the habit of obtruding myself upon the public, but justice in the present case appears to me to demand it. Yours respectfully, THOMAS WARD.

In San Francisco, business is represented as being bad at all the theatres......The new Eureka Theatre, we hear, has closed for the want of patronage......The opera troupe had sang itself out......The American Theatre, under A. Meaubert's management, was occupied by a German company, comprising Messrs. Niemeyer, Gruenwald, A. Meaubert, Vierech, Ahlfeld, Mme. Henrietta Meaubert, Mme. Ahlfeld, and Miss Herrmann......At the Metropolitan the company consisted of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. H. A. Perry, Mrs. Frank, Mad. Sebastian; Misses Jennie Mandeville, Belle Land, A. Mandeville, Lulu Sweet, Viola, and Clark; Messrs J. B. Booth, S. W. Leach, F. Franks, Runnels, etc. The fairy spectacle of the "Elves" was being performed.

From Picton, C. W., we have news to the effect that the Excelsior Dramatic Company have done excellently well during their season of eight nights there; in fact—business has never been better with them in Canada than now. They are to appear at Kingston on April 5th, playing at some of the intermediate towns while *en route*. By way of showing how honorable (?) some persons are in doing business, and how it works, we quote the following verbatim from our correspondent's letter:—"The manager of this company received some *post-paid* envelopes from the editor of some New York sheet, requesting him to send communications to him; but we have always sent our little scribblings to our little friend, the CLIPPER, and we are not going back on it now, for the sake of sending our communications 'post free.' No! no! Said editor had better save his stamps, for stamps are money these times, and paper is very dear." How are you quicksilver?

Hale's Dramatic company recently ran out to Davenport, Iowa, and "put in" a week to good business. They are to return again to Peoria, Ill.

At the St. Louis Theatre, Emma Waller took her farewell benefit on Friday evening, March 20th, to a good house. She appeared as Marina in the "Duchess of Malfi," also as Eliza, in "The Dumb Belle."

Alvin Read, recently the light comedian at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., has, we are informed, gone to the south of France for his health. He will return in time for the grand reopening of the new theatre at Washington.

R. E. J. Miles has concluded his engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre, where he has been doing his "horse pieces" under favorable auspices. As Mike Martin, the bold robber and highwayman, he took the boys, and girls too, for that matter, in that section. As the company under the command of Captain Henderson has not been given very recently in the directory of the profession—the CLIPPER—we here record them:—Messrs. C. Foster, J. O. Sefton, H. Lewis, D. G. Smythe, F. Chippendale, Johnston, Ogden, Seymour, H. B. Hudson, the Misses Annie Eberlee, Lizzie Gillett, Fanny Burt, A. Hardy, and Mrs. Ableman.

The New Syracuse Theatre has recently undergone great improvements. The roof has been raised, thereby affording better ventilation, and the scenery and ornamentation generally has been added to and beautified. The capacity of the house, since its enlargement, is over a thousand, as that number can be seated comfortably. Taken altogether, it is one of the best temples of amusement in that section of the country. Stars and first class actors and actresses who would like to display their talents before a Syracuse audience, will do well to cast one of their organs of sight, at least, over Captain J. B. Smith's advertisement in these columns. They might get a cast in their eye that they would not care to trouble an occulist about.

Caroline Richings and her father are announced at the Boston Museum, where they commence on the 6th of April. The new opera of "The Rose of Tyrol" will be the first "card," followed by "Satanella"

John E. Owens was to commence an engagement at the Howard, Boston, on the 30th of March, in his laughable rendition of Major Wellington de Boots, in "Everybody's Friend," and in which, as everybody knows, he cuts a slashing figure.

Miss Kate Fisher, "from Niblo's Garden," and Mr. F. S. Chanfrau gave two of their artistic, instructive, musical and dramatic entertainments at People's Hall, Newburgh, N. Y., on the 18th and 19th of March. Here is a copy of the programme:—Part 1, "Seven Ages of Woman;" Part 2, "Stage Struck Barber" and "Our American Cousin;" Part 3, "Irish Boy and Yankee Girl;" Part 4, "The Toodles." Here's variety enough in all conscience. "The papers say" that there has been nothing to compare with Chanfrau's delineations since the visit of the elder Matthews, 32 years ago. Whew!

Miss Jane Coombs received a complimentary benefit at the Louisville theatre on the 20th ult., her last appearance but one, when was performed "The World of Fashion" and the "Seven Sisters."

"The Hidden Hand" was produced for St. Patrick's evening at the Denver Theatre, and advertised as positively the last night. "Archy, the Newsboy," "Capitola," "Old Hurricane at Home at Hurricane Hall," and "Wool" (not General Wool) were given the same night. So the bills say.

Speaking of the destruction of the National Theatre, Boston, on the 23d of March, the *Saturday Evening Gazette* says:—At the National Theatre, on Monday night last, the "Three Fast Men" was produced, and the last words on the bill were "Display of Fireworks." Those words proved a prophecy, for early the next morning the theatre was burned. The building was erected to take the place of its predecessor, which was likewise burnt, in 1852, and its first manager was Mr. Joseph Leonard. His successors have been W. M. Fleming, Henry Willard (twice), C. R. Thorne, Pilgrim & Moran, James Pilgrim, Myers & Boniface, and Wm. B. English (five times), besides two or three commonwealths of actors. At the time of burning, it was under lease to Mr. English, who contemplated closing, however, after Fast Day, and taking his company through the New England towns. Although of late years the National had lost the character of a first class theatre, much good acting has been seen on its boards, and it was there that Julia Dean, Mrs. Farren, Mrs. Charles Howard and others, first obtained a decided Boston recognition. It possessed, take it for all in all, the finest stage in the city, a superb lot of scenery—some sixty pairs of flats, we think—some very valuable stage furniture, and a serviceable wardrobe. The theatre was the property of William Sohier, Esq., and will not be rebuilt. Mr. Walter M. Leman spoke the first words pronounced on its stage, Mr. Charles H. Clark the last.

Jane English's Combination Company, with Marietta Ravel and the "Golden Egg," are at Le Theatre Francois, Boston. The name is rather a puzzler to some of the frequenters, but what of that, so long as the performances are good?

The Hernandez Ravel Troupe made matters merry at the Boston Theatre, on the 30th of March. Among the names we recognize those of M'lle Annetta Galetti, M'lle Marietta Zanfretti, A. M. Hernandez, M. Tophoff, M'lle J. Lehman, M'lle Paudine, M. Grossi, M. Moreste, Mr. Christian Lehman, and Mr. Franklin.

Mr. C. F. Keach, manager of the Boston Museum, sails for Europe next Wednesday, the 1st of April, for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Waller closed a very successful engagement at the St. Louis Theatre, on March 21st. Mr. Waller appeared but once, his place having been taken by Mr. T. L. Conner, who, our correspondent "Copernicus" says, did so with great credit to himself.

At the St. Louis Theatre, Miss Julia Daly commenced an engagement on March 23d, in "Our Female American Cousin;" also in a new farce called "The Jenkinses."

A dramatic troupe from the National, Boston, called Stanley's, we believe, open at Worcester, Mass., on March 30th.

In consequence of many being unable to get inside the New Memphis Theatre, the same bill was given on the 18th as that of the 17th of March: "Shandy Maguire" and "Katharine and Petruchio." On the 19th, Mr. M. Lawler was up for a benefit.

MUSIC HALLS.

Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, Md., "takes the rag off the bush," in the way of miscellaneous performances, and they are fully justified in heading their bills with "enthusiastic applause." Last week closed the winter season. Among the people now there, and who have recently been added to the company, are G. M. Miles, comic and sentimental vocalist; Frank Wood, Ethiopian comedian; Master Charles and Alfred Bliss, acrobats and posturers; Miss Jennie Engle, the accomplished cantatrice; Tilly Forbes, danseuse; besides several other first class male and female performers. "The Nigger in a Tobacco Shop," a new farce by the stage manager, W. B. Kavanagh, is said to be infinitely amusing. Messrs. Mulligan, Leavitt, and Billy Boyd, make their first appearance there to-day, March 30.

We have received a card, signed by G. W. Kirbye, Edward Clements, W. L. Bloomer, Jas. Flake, Maggie Bowers, M'lle Helena Smith, W. C. Morgan, Mrs. Julia Morgan, Augustus McCristline, and others, complaining that they were engaged by Wm. M. Allen, for the Melodeon, Pittsburgh, and that after getting the parties in working order, he suddenly left on the 22d inst., without saying a word to the company. Several of the company have families, and but for the kindness of some citizens, would have suffered terribly. See card in our advertising department.

Business at the Concert Hall (late Newark Theatre) is improving as the establishment becomes better known. Last week four new people were added to the company, viz., the Delevante Brothers, Tommy Simpson as leader of orchestra, and Amelia Wells, all of whom have become general favorites. Tom Vance and Robert Butler (not he of the far-famed "444") intend "going snacks" in the pantomime business. Tom is said to be one of the best old men in "pants." that any youth ever envied, or any maiden fair ever sighed after.

At the Union Music Hall, San Francisco, a new sensation drama, called "Crim. Con.," was being performed. The programme winds up with the following suggestive announcement: "The finest Melodeon in the city. Beautiful Private Boxes. Lots of Pretty Girls."

The Dearborn Street Opera House, Chicago, is an institution, and the stage manager, Charley Petrie, almost petrifies the folks with wonder, at the rapid manner in which he introduces stars to their notice. On the 19th ult., two new stars were announced, Miss Lizzie Delmar and Miss Saidee Rogers, both vocalists, one sentimental, the other comic. They take with the gay chicks of Chicago, who shell out their "copperheads" liberally.

The war against concert halls in Philadelphia is still carried on by the Legislature now in session at Harrisburg. The bill referred to by us a week or two since, has been reported affirmatively by the Judiciary, and as it may be of interest to the profession, we give it entire, as reported:—Section 1. *Be it enacted*, &c., That it shall not be lawful to exhibit to the public in any building, garden grounds, concert room, or other place or room, within this Commonwealth, any intended tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any other part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus, or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers or rope-dancing acrobats, until a license for such exhibition shall have been first had and obtained, pursuant to law, or pursuant to any city or borough ordinance; and every manager or proprietor of any such exhibition or performance, who shall neglect to take out such license, or consent to cause or allow any such exhibition or performance, or any single one of them, without such license, and every person aiding in such exhibition, and every owner or lessee of any building, part of a building, garden ground, concert room, or other room or place, who shall lease or let the same for the purpose of any such exhibition or performance, or assent that the same be used for any such purpose, except as permitted by such license, and without such license having been previously obtained and then in force, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned, not exceeding three months, or both, or either, in the discretion of the Court.

Section 2. It shall not be lawful to furnish any wine, beer, or strong or spirituous liquors in the auditorium or lobbies of such place of exhibition or performance, mentioned in the first section of this act, or in any apartment connected therewith by any door, window, or other aperture; nor shall it be lawful to employ, or furnish, or permit, or assent to the employment or attendance of any female to wait on, or attend in any manner, or furnish refreshments to the audience or spectators, or any of them, at any of the exhibitions or performances mentioned in the first section of this act, or at any other place or places of public amusement whatever; and any person offending against the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and undergo an imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both, or either, in the discretion of the Court.

Section 3. That it shall be the duty of every chief of police officer, sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, alderman, or justice of the peace, to enter at any time said place of amusement, and to arrest any person or persons found violating any of the provisions of this act, and take them before any committing magistrate, to be held to answer according to law.

Signor Bliss is still at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, and has not entered into any engagement to go to Harrisburg, as has been stated.

Those favorite daughters of Terpsichore, the star sisters Augusta and Marie, concluded their engagement at Pittsburgh on the 30th ult., on the occasion of Miles' benefit, and are now delighting the people of Washington and Alexandria by their exhibitions of the poetry of motion.

The Melodeon, Pittsburgh, is again "up the spout." The new manager opened in a blaze of glory, and made huge promises, but he could not stand the pressure, and after running the machine for a week or so, he abandoned it. This is strange, as the hall is in good condition, and with fair attraction, it should be a successful institution.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, has a continued run of luck. The young manager has a very strong company now on his hands, and the public appreciate his efforts by cramming the hall nightly.

Jack Sheppard was to have been brought out at the Continental, Philadelphia, on the 28th, but owing to some unforeseen obstacle, it was postponed until April 4th. Julia and Lola Hudson, singers and dancers, are among the new people this week, opening March 30th; Harry Enochs and Johnny Mack, Ethiopian performers, are also engaged. Mulligan has gone back to Mr. Lea's establishment, in Baltimore, while Tony Pastor has returned to Mr. Butler's American Theatre, New York.

At Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, M'lle. Zoe and Ben Yates commence an engagement on the 30th of March, producing some excellent ballet attractions. Fred. Shaw is another addition to the company. Miss Fanny Forrest is underlined for Monday, April 6th. J. K. Campbell is back again.

Robert Gardner & Co. are now proprietors of the Canterbury, Philadelphia, Harry Enochs' name being off the bills. Master M. J. O'Riley, clog dancer, is there this week, together with Miss Annie Rush, Misses Millie and Julia, etc.

At the Washington Varieties, where one of the jolliest Pilgrims that ever crossed the Slough of Despond, acts as stage manager, business flourishes like a house on fire. They have a most numerous, as well as a talented company, and are constantly adding thereto. The latest additions are the beautiful danseuse and actress, M'lle. Brignoli, and the attractive danseuse, Miss Ada Laurent, who made their first appearance there on March 30th. This pair of beauties will certainly turn the heads of the soldier boys at Washington, and we suggest that the proprietors, Messrs. Hamblin & Co., forbid their performing on April 1st, for fear of the consequences.

The first of a series of fourteen grand concerts was to come off at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 29th of March. Plenty of music thereabouts, just now.

At the Melodeon, St. Louis, Masters Walley and Tommy had a benefit on March 21st. "Copernicus" says it was very slim, no one of any consequence appearing, except Wally and Tommy, and M'lle. Marietta (just returned from Leavenworth City) and Mr. Johnson, a splendid balladist.

On March 25, "The Young Ladies Union Aid Society" gave a grand performance at the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. The entertainment consisted of a piece composed for the occasion, called "Satan in Columbia's Dominions, or America As It Was and America As It Is," which was performed part in singing and part in speaking. The principal characters were Goddess of Liberty, Columbia, Justice, Gen. Jackson, South Carolina, Jeff Davis' escort, Pompey and Rose, &c. The attendance was very good, notwithstanding the bad weather.

The Bowery, St. Louis, ran Harlequin for the past two weeks. A new scene has been introduced, entitled Hart's Oyster Saloon. Old Hank Mason (there are two Masons at the Bowery—one is an Irish singer and negroist, and the other is our Hank) did "Sally Come Up" this week. "Copernicus" says:—"I've never seen Dave Reed do it, but if he can perform it better than Hank can, all I have to say is, that it must be a wonderful performance."

The Varieties, St. Louis, is as ever, business being brisk and flourishing. Last week, "The Dutchman in Trouble, or the Original John Smith," was the feature of the programme. "Copernicus," writing on the 25th, says:—"The Dutchman, by P. Conklin, was huge, aye, it was *immense*, as was also the Teddy O'Blarney of McAndrews." This week, the drama of "Wandering Boys, or the Castle of Olival," has been produced. Paul and Justin, the Wandering Boys, is performed excellently by Misses Morley (Berry's wife) and Lida Hibbard (the latter's first appearance in a principal character, although she has been attached to the ballet troupe of the establishment for a year or more). Geo. J. Deagle advertises for 100 young ladies for a grand scenic spectacle.

Mr. Bayless's Opera Troupe dissolved itself in one of the interior towns of Michigan last week, on account of a row among the musicians, we are informed.

Dan Shelby's benefit at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich., on March 21st, was entirely satisfactory to Dan. Among the volunteers was a promising young ballad singer, Mr. Geo. Leslie, who was loudly encored. Mr. L. plays the piano creditably, and, we are informed, is about making public singing his profession.

Ida and Rosa Duval, Frank Pell, and Jim Leon, are new recruits for the Varieties, St. Louis.

Messrs. Josh. Hart and Antonio Brettz look forward in full hope of success in re-opening the "Old Drury of the West," at Detroit, Mich., on or about April 2d. Mr. Hart is a capable man, and is the individual who, unaided and alone, has been fighting the metropolitan Police, in their unwarrantable arrest of persons engaged in retailing beverage at our concert halls, and what is better, has got them on the hip, the decisions being for the most part in his favor. The profession should recognize Mr. Hart's untiring efforts, and outlay of money in this direction.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels have had fine times in the Canadas, both East and West. Quebec gave the boys a glorious send off, and such a shower of silver halves and quarters rained upon them, for one week, that they found it impossible to carry the specie about their persons, and so they hired a sleigh to convey it to the depot. The business in Quebec excelled all business ever done by the troupe in one week. They gave eight entertainments during the week, six in the evenings, and two afternoon entertainments for schools and families, on which occasions the house was crowded to suffocation. Quebec will long be remembered by the entire company, for several reasons:—First, for the money they have coined there; secondly, for the great number of dispatches and letters received by no less than five of the principal members from W. W. Newcomb, of New York, who offered them great inducements to leave, and join their party, but all resisted the temptation, except Messrs. Kellogg, cornet player, and West, the flageoletist and B flat cornet, who could not stand the temptation, and at once gave notice, although they were engaged for the season at their own prices. Mr. Duprez told them he would not accept any notice whatever, only to work their time out, and then, if they didn't see fit to remain any longer, they were at liberty to go; but they said they wanted Mr. Duprez to understand that in two weeks from that day they would leave. Mr. Duprez therefore discharged them at once, after such intentions were made known. Their places were filled by Alphonse Bergerone and J. Camille, of Montreal, two good musicians. Billy Sweatman, of Nashville, Tenn., was to join the troupe in Toronto, last week. He will take Campbell's place. He is spoken of very highly as an end man and comedian. M. Ainsley Scott has concluded not to leave, so that by the time Sweatman reaches Toronto, the party would again be complete, and one of the best in the field. From Quebec, the troupe went to Ogdensburgh, a distance of over three hundred miles, and appeared one night only, the 17th ult. The crowd was so great that they filled the hall, which is a large one, in half an hour, and hundreds of people were turned away. The 18th and 19th they were at Ottawa, Upper Canada, where they did a tremendous business; on the 20th, on their way back, they stopped again one night at Ogdensburgh, and had another jammed house. The 21st they appeared in Kingston, and although they arrived there very late, about 7 o'clock P. M., and the weather was fearful, they opened the doors, and a three hundred dollar house greeted them. On the 23d, they were in Bellville; 24th, in Coburg; 25th, Port Hope; 26th, 27th, and 28th, in Toronto. From thence they go directly west.

Rumsey's Minstrels were billed to appear at Norwich, Ct., on the 28th ult.

The minstrels still hold possession at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. At the date of our last advices, a regular minstrel performance was given, and two farces; viz., The Wine Sellers, and the Tobacconist's Daughter; the first cast as follows—Old Grimes, Sam Wells; Dick Grimes, Ben Cotton; Peter, Billy Birch. The second Cast included Ben Cotton as Josiah Seeds, Billy Birch as Peter Pipes, and Nellie Brown as Virginia Seeds.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels are having a good time of it out in Ohio, and although an equinoctial gale was raging, nary a Monitor got swamped. Business had been of the best description at Zanesville and Wheeling, where they turned people away every night. On the 25th they were at Columbus, from whence they were to go to Springfield, Dayton, Richmond, and Indianapolis. Our Western friends pronounce the monitors the best fleet under Uncle Sam, (Sharpley) and "High, Low, Jack" by the whole strength of the company, "the largest game of keerds out."

Our friends, the Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge Minstrels, are as lively as ever at their little Opera House in Boston. With an always varied programme, and the utmost liveliness in their funny men, and a due sprinkling of the pathetic in their balladists, not to forget the genial mirth of their "end men," it would be hard indeed if things did not go along with a pleasant chime. Take it as it is, the bandbox of friends M. B. P. and T. is an institution which our smart friends of the "Hub" could not do without.

Hooley's Minstrels continue to enliven the denizens of Brooklyn, who, it has been observed, wear a merrier look than they have been wont to do for a long time past. This is just as it should be. Doubtless, our friends on the other side of the river have their manifold reasons for occasional depression; let them, however, be grateful that the Hooleys are near, to wake them up to a lighter mood.

Campbell's Minstrels (sixteen in number) have been on the move for some time past, and have not given up yet. Their way, this week, is in the direction of Oswego, Rochester, and Buffalo; after then, we shall be able to report their additional journeyings. Tim Hayes and Dick Sands, the champion clog dancers of the world, are prominent members of the troupe, and give the delighted audiences plenty of the "sound" of which Shakespeare speaks, though nothing of the "fury."

Kathleen O'Neil's Novelty Troupe is doing a first class business, so a correspondent informs us, among the Ohioans. They are now in Zanesville, where they will remain until Saturday, April 4th, on the 6th and 7th at Steubenville, and from that time to the 11th, at Wheeling. The press in the section where they are journeying, goes off in ecstacies over the acting of Miss O'Neil, and her singing and acting in her Irish characters, is pronounced excellent.

Lew Simmons, Harry Leslie, Ed. Wray, and others, serenaded the New Hampshire Volunteers at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 27th, and all hands had a gay time. Leslie will pass through New York this week, *en route* for Washington.

Sanford, with his famous minstrel troupe, have brought their season in Pittsburgh to a close, and are now stumping the State of Pennsylvania with great success. On March 30 and 31, they "negotiate" at Washington, on April 1st they do not make April fools of the people of "Brummagem," and the balance of the week they put in at the new hall at Johnstown, which has been built expressly for Sanford to inaugurate. In reference thereto, we quote the following from a Pittsburgh paper:—"The great success of Sam Sanford's troupe at Johnstown, while performing there recently, has aroused the people of that place to a sense of their own wants, as their hall would not begin to accommodate the throng. A subscription list was at once started, the requisite amount to build a new hall was soon raised, and contractors and carpenters are now at work upon the new enterprise. Sam has received a letter inviting himself and troupe to its "opening." The favor with which Sanford and his troupe have been received in Pittsburgh, and the appreciation evinced, of his efforts to please, have induced him to promise to return in July, and "occupy and possess" one of the theatres for a period, where he will have the benefit of the requisite scenery for a proper exhibition of his Ethiopian comedy and opera.

Hart & Simmons' Minstrels have disbanded, it appears. Their advertising agent, Col. T. Allston Brown, seceded from the concern last week, and a number of the company have attached themselves to Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, under the leadership of Manager Smythe. Uncle Ben's complimentary at this house was a perfect "scrouger," we are told.

By Jiminy, what a joke! To think of serenading a man, thinking it was a woman all the time. But that's what a party of fellers, love sick, no doubt, did in Washington t'other night, and this is the how of it:—Some Washington admirers of Miss Julia Mortimer, a *danseuse*, went to serenade her. They mistook the window, and instead of the beautiful Julia, who should appear but Jim Lane of Kansas! He put up the window and made a characteristic speech.

CIRCUSES.

Anxious to give our readers the earliest news at all times, we take pleasure in being the first to note the movements of the circus folks for the coming season. The managers are very busily engaged cleaning up their paraphernalia, and the painters are actively employed in making a clean appearance. The coming season promises to be as successful as any for many years. There will be two new candidates in the arena for public approval, Mr. O. S. Wheeler, who starts from Boston, and Mr. John O. Bryan, of Philadelphia. One of the best shows that will be on the road this season, will be that of Thayer & Noyes Great United States Circus, under the guidance of Doct. Jim Thayer and Charley Noyes. This company will start from Girard, Pa., on or about May 1st, with one of the best turn-outs ever seen. During the winter, the Doctor has had several new Concord wagons built, also a magnificent band chariot. A striking effect will be produced in the processions formed by the entrance of the cavalcade into the different towns of exhibition, led by the chariot drawn by sixteen cream horses, richly caparisoned. The following artists have already been secured:—Jimmy Robinson, the world-renowned bareback rider, and without an equal in the world; the Delevante brothers; Sam'l Reinhardt, double summersault performer; Bob Johnson, E. Wynne, Thos. Peppers, Mr. Bushnell, juggler; Frank Howes, Frank Wyette, Charles Rivers, Clark Gibbs, Whitney brothers, Doctor James L. Thayer, conversationalist and jester; Charley Noyes, equestrian director. Mr. Frank Howes has secured the privilege of running the variety show inside the big canvas after the close of each performance of the big show. Mr. Howes has secured a very fine company, consisting of a full band of minstrels, several very popular female dancers, and M'lle Louise, the drummer girl. Mr. Tom Canham, one of the best in the country, is leader of the band.

L. B. Lent will start out about April 21st, with an establishment of unusual attractive power, including several features of an exceedingly novel description. His show will be something altogether out of the usual line, and when the particulars are announced, a sensation may be anticipated. Among the performers engaged for the equestrian department, are James Madigan, the great somersault rider and double somersault man, Thos. King and wife, M'lle Virginie, Mons. Rochelle, Charles Madigan, Donovan, W. Ducrow, Charles Boswell, leader of band, Lent's boys, etc., etc. The veritable and inimitable Joe Pentland will officiate as jester to the circle. Harry Whitlock has been secured as advertiser, Wm. Adams as writer, and Mr. Sheppard as treasurer. Their route, we understand, will be about the same as last year, through the Canadas.

O. S. Wheeler's Great International Circus (new concern), will start from Boston about the first of May, with an outfit of the most splendid character, and the double establishment, with its long train of beautiful horses, new and costly carriages, luggage vans, and band wagon, will make a very imposing appearance. This company will be known as the Diamond Show. Nat Austin and family, Jimmy Dermott, Madame Tournaire, and Josephine Tournaire, have been already engaged. Charley Fuller, a whole souled fellow, and one who is *au fait* in the business, has been secured as advertiser, a sure guarantee of the success of the company.

G. F. Bailey's Circus and Menagerie starts from Danbury, Ct., April 14. Sands, Nathan & Co.'s performing elephants, four in number, have been engaged; also, the hippopotamus, and the white bear. In the equestrian department will be found Jimmy Ward, clown and slack rope performer. Sam Burt, Philo Nathans, Denzer Brothers, George Washington Hall, elephant performer, and Robart Ellingham, equestrian director.

R. Sands' Circus (Fouche party), start from Danbury, Ct., April 20th. Henry Cook's troupe of performing dogs and monkeys have been secured. M. James Melville and family, the Australian Wonders, have been engaged; also, Sam Long, clown; Ben Huntington, Geo. Ross, and Chas. McLean.

Toole, Warner, and Guilbault's circus and menagerie will organize in Montreal, and start about May 1st. Wm. Ashton, W. H. Pennie, J. Lawlow, clown, and Major Filkins (advertiser) have been engaged.

Mabie's show will start from Chicago early in May.

Gardner & Hemmings' circus will start from Philadelphia about the middle of April, and go through Pennsylvania and New York. The following are some of the people connected with the company:—John Foster, clown; R. Hemmings, principal rider and tight rope performer; Geo. Wambold, contortionist; Wm. Hill, equestrian director; Geo. King, Herr Clinton, M'lle Camille, M'lle Ida, Little Eliza, the child wonder, and Wm. Gardner, advertiser.

Mrs. Dan Rice's show will go out this season under the management of Mr. John O'Bryan, (a new candidate) who has got a fine stud of horses and ponies, and an entire new set of wagons and costly paraphernalia. Charley Castle is advertiser, and Charley Warner treasurer. In the company will be found Mrs. Dan Rice, Charley Reed, and Wm. Kennedy, clown.

The Antonio Brothers will start out with their organization about the 10th of May, from the far West. Young Sam Stickney has been engaged as clown.

Alex. Robinson's circus will start from Cincinnati early in May.

Van Amburgh's Menagerie, under the management of Hyatt Frost, will start in May, with a large collection of animals.

Garry De Mott, well known in the equestrian and dramatic profession as clown and comedian, died in this city on Friday morning, March 27th. His funeral took place at his late residence in Forsyth street, on Sunday, and was attended by a large number of the profession. Mr. De Mott was born December 10th, 1830, and during his career in this country, was quite a favorite in horse pieces, particularly as Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin on horseback. He was a very good comedian and a very clever clown. Peace to his ashes.

A round top canvas is advertised for sale in this issue. It is 60 feet in diameter, and in good order. Who'll buy?

H. Orren French and his performing dogs may possibly be engaged with L. B. Lent this season. Should they not, Mr. French will break in, for the season of 1864, a large troupe of performing dogs and monkeys.

Bobby Williams, the clown, is out of an engagement and is on the look out for one for the summer. As he has a family to support, and no resources but his comicalities, and they are not very solid eating, any manager will be doing a good thing by giving him a chance in the ring, "so help me Bob." We shall be pleased soon to hear that Bob is not bobbing around without employment any longer. Address him at New Village, L. I.

Mr. Wm. Smith is preparing apparatus upon which to perform the great zampillaerostation act, at the Philadelphia Amphitheatre.

Nixon's circus continues to do well at Alexandria, Va. The company have been very successful all winter, and all demands against the concern are promptly paid, including stars and other officials. It is difficult to say at present when the circus will close, but it is probable that Nixon will launch out some time in May, with a superior fit out. Alexandria is all excitement—raids are constantly threatened, and the town is under martial law. No lights are allowed after a certain hour, and the circus must close at half palf-past nine o'clock, or the gas is shut off. Eaton Stone continues with the company as one of the principal attractions, and it is said that he rides as well as he ever rode before. Eaton has been engaged in breaking stock, and some of the animals are represented as looking splendid.

At the Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, Tom King, W. R. Smith, and Sam Long remain another week. Mr. Kincaid and son join the troupe, and M'lle Marie also appears. For Frank Whittaker's benefit, on the 28th, a cat concert was announced. John Foster, clown, is up for a benefit on the 4th of April.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clapp, Stanley & Co's "Mirror of the Rebellion," alluded to in our last, has already been started on its winding way, being now on exhibition at Williamsburgh.

La Rue's "Panopticon of the War" has just completed a most successful series of exhibitions for the past five weeks in Rochester, N. Y., and opens this week in Buffalo. Its subjects, the various battles of the war, both by sea and land, make it an object of interest to all. Whiston, the humorist, accompanies this exhibition. He is well known to the Buffalo public, having performed an engagement of several weeks some three months since, in that city.

An advertiser is wanted for a popular troupe now performing in the west. See Zouave's advertisement.

Wyzeman, the wizard, has possession of the Baltimore Museum this week.

Jas. E. Murdoch gave a dramatic reading at Greenwood Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 26th March, for the benefit of the Ladies' Central Soldiers' Aid Society.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers have been performing in Ravenna, Akron, etc., Ohio, and we understand that in most places they advertised a change of programme for the second night, which change, however, was not effected, and the people were considerably annoyed by such misrepresentation. Our traveling friends should act up to their promises, or the whole profession must suffer.

Carter's Zouave Sisters have been at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, and last week appeared at Sandusky, Ohio. At Cleveland they did a very fair business.

A friend, who dates his letter at Burlington, on the Mississippi River, says:—"We don't often have showmen stroll along in these parts, but it happened the other day that two show agents met, two W's. One was Warren, agent of the Washington Panorama; and the other, Waldron, agent of the Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers. Waldron was set down by the curious, as a *butternut*, as he wore a southerly air about him. Warren (with that piratical moustache) had a more northeasterly look. They conjointly billed the town and were *en route* down the river, but couldn't get away; the orders from government had impressed all boats into war service, leaving our noble river 'a solitude and a desert waste of waters.' Nothing daunted, these *go-ahead* agents (who, by the way, are the right sort among us western people,) chartered a small skiff, quarter of a ton burthen, and bidding 'so long' to a host of friends who came to the levee to see them off, they 'paddled their own canoe' 25 miles to Fort Madison. A dispatch by telegraph says they made the time in 3 hrs. and 35 min." Good for them!

W. B. Brown and H. W. Canterbury, were at Ware, Mass., March 28.

Stanley & Conant's Polemorama of the War, closed a successful three week's exhibition at Detroit on March 21st. It is now in Toledo.

Borden & Co.'s Panorama of the War is at Worcester, Mass.

"A Classical Chamber Concert" took place at Nordheimer's Hall, Montreal, C. E., on the 19th March, under the directorship of Mr. G. Carter.

Hubbard's War Panorama was at Holleston, Mass., on March 27 and 28.

Lawrence N. Greenleaf (Peter Punener) recites at Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 31st of March, the humorous and satirical poem of "King Sham."

"Norwood," a magician unknown to fame, is having limited success in Western Massachusetts.

Perham's Seven Mile Mirror was announced to commence its "reflection," of Niagara scenery, at the Melodeon, Boston, on the 1st of April.

Harrington, the Boston Ventriloquist, is doing extremely well on the line of the Western R. R. He was to be at Warren, Mass., March 29th, and Palmer 30th, Belchertown, April 1st. E. M. Leslie is still his pioneer.

Woodruff's Troupe of Glass Blowers opened at Milford, Mass., March 25th.

A grand promenade concert of the St. Patrick Society, with the co-operation of the S. P. Total Abstinence Society, the S. P. Benevolent Society, the Irishmen of the Volunteer Force, "and the Hose Company," was given on St. Patrick's day in the evening, at the City Concert Hall, Montreal, C. E., when the below named professionals kindly volunteered:—Mrs. W. Stevenson ("Laura Honey") Miss Mitchell, the M. M. Sedgwicks, the Glee Club of the Sixteenth Regiment, and several amateurs. Also Mr. Sheeney, with his Irish Bagpipes. Good for St. Patrick.

Andy Springer goes with Yankee Robinson as his advertising agent this season. He is a handy sort of a springer in his line, we are told.

The Holman Opera Troupe opened at the Academy of Music, Springfield, on the 23d inst., and drew a fine house. The troupe made a decided hit, and are highly spoken of by the press. They proceed from Springfield to Hartford, opening in the latter city on the 30th, for one week.

The Melville Opera Troupe reaped quite a harvest of currency at Lyons, N. Y., where they gave one of their entertaining performances on the 20th ult. Since then they have visited the following places in this State: Newark, 21st; Clyde, 22d; Port Byron, 24th; Jordan, 25th; Homer, 26th; Cortlandt, 27th; and Binghamton, 28th. The troupe as now organized, includes Miss Julia Melville, contralto; La Belle Emilie, mezzo soprano; W. Goodall, solo violinist; Washington Melville, baritone; C. Dorman, cornet; and C. B. Griste, flute soloist. "Music hath charms" is almost nightly verified by this charming little company.

Handel's oratorio of "Samson" was to have been presented at Platt's Music Hall, San Francisco, Cal., on the 3d of March, with

the following cast:—Samson, Mr. Barnwell; Delilah, Miss Parker; Micah, Mrs. Cutler; Manoah, Mr. Shattuck; Harapha, Mr. Wunderlich; Priest of Dagon, Mr. Clark; assisted by the members of the Handel and Hayden society.

Miss Parker's farewell benefit was announced to come off at Platt's Music Hall, San Francisco, on the 9th of March, it being Miss P.'s last appearance in California. The following artists were named to assist:—Mrs. S. W. Leach, Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Cameron, Herr Schraubstader, Mr. S. W. Leach, Sig. Grossi, Mr. John Gregg, Mr. Wunderlich, Mons. Roncovieri, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Loomis, Mr. E. W. Smith, Mr. Clough, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Clark, the "Euterpeans," a select chorus from the Handel and Haydn society, and the celebrated pianists, G. A. Scott, J. Trenkle, and Rod Sipp.

The Black Swan flitted into Napanee, C. W., on March 17, but did not do so well as she might, had her "wall literature" been posted sooner. It was out only a few hours before the commencement of her performance.

Hubbard's Grand Polymorama of the War, was at the town hall, Westboro, Mass., on the 23d and 24th, and did a very excellent business. In fact, the proprietor says that in all his eighteen years experience, he never saw show business better.

Father Kemp's Old Folks were to open at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, last week. On the route from Chicago, they touched at some of the principal towns in Illinois.

Pearson & Cutting's Polemorama closed its second week at St. Louis on the 21st.

The Washington Panorama of the American War opened at Burlington, Iowa, on Friday, 20th, to a $210 house. On Saturday they gave a matinee for the schools at reduced prices, when the hall was full. The panorama is a good one, and Col. W. W. Warren knows how to advertise it. Only think of a set of posters 9 feet high and 32 feet in width. Some paper for a room show.

The Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers were announced at Galesburg, Ill., for March 31st. The students of two colleges were to be present at their concert.

Com. Foote and Col. Small, two of the smallest men in existance, have met with great favor in their performances with Duprez & Green's Minstrels, in Canada. Although little in stature, they have proved themselves the tallest kind of cards. P. T. Barnum, with his characteristic modesty, advertises that he has the smallest pair of dwarfs living, yet he does not come to time with Col. Ellinger, who has repeatedly challenged him to show his pair against Ellinger's two. Col. Ellinger has now the smallest pair in the world, male and female, and when Commodore Foote starts out on his next tour through the States and Canadas, he will be accompanied by *the* smallest woman in the world, being, by far, smaller than either of the Miss Warrens, or the far-famed Dollie Dutton.

Ossian E. Dodge and William Hayward are announced to concertize as follows:—Brookline, Mass, April 1st; Newton Corner, Mass., 3d; Charlestown, Mass., 4th; Boston, on Fast Day evening.

AMATEUR.

THE BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, on the 26th ult., gave a first-class entertainment at the Houston street Bandbox. In our last issue, we briefly alluded to this club in an article bearing upon the proprietors of Dramatic Hall, who, it was alleged, refused to lease their hall to English Dramatic Societies. We now learn that the proprietors do not exclude *all* English Clubs, but lease the place to any club of respectability. The question now is: Have we Dramatic Associations in our midst that are not respectable? If there are any, "who are they?" The Hall to be erected by the Burton Club is to be the result of a subscription among the friends of the Drama, and already two hundred names—sound ones, too—have adorned the list. It is presumed the new hall will be completed in the course of a few months. The performance of the Burtonians on the occasion referred to above, was of a pleasing character, the programme embracing the play of "Richelieu" and the farce of "Rough Diamond." As the Cardinal, Mr. J. B. Ward displayed more than ordinary ability, his rendition of the character, in all its essentials, being one that added new honors to the amateur stage. Mr. Ward's "Othello," on a previous night, was considered an excellent piece of acting, but compared with his Duke Cardinal, it falls in the shade. The part of Barradas was represented by Ed. Keene, of the Keene Brothers, with good effect. This promising young Thespian must throw off his habit of ranting. Lung exercise is not necessary now-a-days, Ed. As Mauprat, Jimmy Sutton, who was laboring under a throat affection, did exceedingly well. Jimmy looks well after campaigning it eighteen months "down in Dixie," as a Captain in the Fifth Conn. Vols. Prof. Wittenberg appeared as Joseph, Mr. Wallace as Louis, Mr. DeEstaigne as Huget, and Mr. Gordon as Gaston. The Beringhen of Mr. Bewick was very fine. Miss Hawthorne made a splendid Francois. Miss Caldwell, as Julia DeMortemor, was unequal to the part. There was too much affectation in the lady. The farce went off exceedingly well, with Mr. Gordon as "Cousin Joe."

At Wilkes-Barre, Pa., they have started an amateur company, which gave its third performance on the 20th ult. A correspondent who witnessed it, says:—The pieces were the "Jealous Husband," "Nature vs Philosophy," and "Box and Cox." Mr. Tonkins as Pettibone, Mr. C. B. Metszer as Fathom, and Master Roth as Mrs. Pettibone, did remarkably well; also Mr. Joe Patton, and Levi, and Master Crawford, in "Nature vs Philosophy." Corporal Clapsaddle as Cox, Mr. Smith as Box, and Master Crawford as Bouncer, would have been no discredit to some of your large theatres. Corporal Clapsaddle, with a little more experience, would make a pretty fair comedian. The company intend making it a permanent thing, and are to give performances about every week for the benefit of soldiers' families and the soldiers' aid societies, which I think is a very good idea.

The "Tom Taylor Amateurs" of Montreal, re-appeared at Bonaventure Hall on St. Patrick's night, giving the "Golden Farmer" and "Paudeen O'Rafferty."

The amateurs at Elmira, N. Y., gave a performance on the 27th March, and had a good paying house. Hickory Harrison took a hand in at "Love's Sacrifice."

The Wheatley Dramatic Association, Philadelphia, played "The Merchant and His Seven Clerks," and "Ben Bolt," on March 25th. Mr. Comber played the leading characters in each piece in good style.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

The royal marriage was the all-absorbing topic in England, and thousands of people were daily pouring into London to see the grand procession and other ceremonies connected with the great event. The theatres were benefited by the influx, and the show people generally were profiting by the looseness with which the young folks from the country were "squandering" their change. Everybody and everything was on the loose, and we presume that fifty thousand happy couples have followed the bright example set them by the "Hope of England" and the "Pride of Denmark."

Our little Patti was meeting with immense success in Vienna, one of her greatest triumphs being in Somnambula. A portrait of Patti, painted for the Empress Eugenie, by Winterhalter, was being exhibited in the saloon of the Carl Theatre, for the benefit of the poor of Vienna.

By this time, Mr. Sothern has terminated, for the present, his extraordinary portraiture of Lord Dundreary, which, on the 14th of March, reached its three hundred and seventy-fifth representation. Mr. Sothern next introduces Our American Cousin to the provincials.

"The Genuine American Trio," Mert Sexton, W. Howard, and Dave Raymond, were performing at the Sun Music Hall, London. We can place the Sexton, but we must have forgotten the other two "genuine Americans."

Pyne and Harrison's English Opera season was announced to terminate in London on the 21st March. Many will pine for the return of these English birds of song.

Miss Ettie Henderson continued her engagement at the Standard, London, at last advices, supported by J. B. Howe.

Great preparations were made to celebrate the "wedding day," at the Crystal Palace. The performances were to commence at noon of the 10th. At dusk, a grand torch light procession would move through the walks and terraces, twelve hundred of the military taking part, and bearing torches. On reaching the great bonfire, in the centre walk, all the torches would be hurled into the fire.

A member of the Dilettanti Theatre, in Kremsmunster, Austria, recently fell dead on the stage, in a few minutes after making her appearance. She was known as Fraulein Datscher, and was for many years connected with the theatre. Twenty-one Catholic priests officiated at her funeral solemnities.

The Prince of Wales, the Crown Princess of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, attended the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the 5th of March.

"Federals and Confederates" is the title of a new entertainment given in London by Mr. Henry Drayton, who has been assisted in the musical portion of the work by Henry Russell.

Joseph Smedley, formerly manager of a theatrical circuit in Lincolnshire, etc., England, died on the 1st of March, in his 80th year.

"Burning to Death" was the subject of a lecture being delivered in London by Professor Pepper; one might almost fancy it to be "K. N. Pepper," to judge by the hot subject.

An actress of the Paris Odeon has recovered 1,000 francs damages in an action for libel against two dramatic critics belonging to the *Opinion Nationale*, who have been fined, moreover, for not inserting her reply to the critique, in which an unwarrantable liberty was taken with her name and fame. It may be stated here that, with the view of avoiding prosecutions for libel, the French laws give any person who is attacked in a journal, the right of replying thereto in the publication itself, the insertion of the reply being considered sufficient redress. The unjustifiable refusal of insertion is punishable by a fine, and is, of course, an aggravation of the offence.

A vocalist, named Mrs. Hillary, formerly Miss Farrell, died at Glasgow, on the 21st Feb.

Mr. F. Lloyd, comedian at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, has been engaged by Mr. Boucicault for his London theatre.

The new Theatre Royal, Bath, was opened on the 4th of March. The programme comprised "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Marriage at Any Price," and sundry addresses. There was a large attendance.

Jas. Anderson was fulfilling an engagement at the City of London Theatre.

Mr. George Cooke, comedian of the Olympic Theatre, London, committed suicide on the 5th March, in a fit of insanity, caused, it is thought, from long-continued illness. He held high positions at the Strand and Olympic theatres for fifteen years.

Mrs. Clark, for many years employed at the London theatres as wardrobe mistress, etc., died on the 27th of Feb., aged 61.

On the 10th of March, in London, died Alexander Smith, more familiarly called "Humpy," on account of a slight protuberance on his left shoulder, and his stout, short figure. He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the malady that called him off was a sudden cold, induced by the inclement weather. There was something romantic about the career of poor "Humpy," which, with his theatrical associations, entitles him to a record here. The son of somebody, but nobody knows who, he was, while a mere child, cast upon his own resources, in the streets of London, and to save himself from starvation, took to the selling of play bills in the neighborhood of Drury Lane Theatre. As all English play goers are aware, these bills are sold to the "patrons of the drama" at the rate of a penny (two cents) each; occasionally, when it is one of the porcelain specimens of humanity that is dealt with, the price is considerably higher. Poor "Humpy" was a genius at his trade, and so irrepressible in his endeavors in the direction of a job, that, even when the king or, more recently, the queen went in state to the play, he would be on the alert, spite of the hindrance offered by soldiers and policemen. Once, it is understood, he rushed up to King William and Queen Adelaide, then on a formal visit to "Old Drury," and handing them a bill, was rewarded by the gift of a sovereign. The poor fellow was essentially a character—could talk politics and the like, and was a capital dramatic critic. He loved porter "in the pewter, and *nuthink* else," as he was accustomed to observe; and we are gratified to state, he passed the last ten years of his life in comparative comfort. Poor "Humpy!" He was worth the record we give him.

On the 8th of March, at Bristol, England, died Miss Fanny Young, sister to the late celebrated Mrs. Honey, and aunt to Miss Laura Honey, well known as a talented actress in the American theatres. Miss Young was in the thirtieth year of her age, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1848, at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. She then went to Birmingham, where she performed with Mr. Macready. At a subsequent date, she was engaged by the great novelist, Charles Dickens, to travel through England with him, and to act in the pieces written for the Guild of Literature. Miss Young was a very accomplished musician, and it was while she was attending a party at the house of the Mayor of Bristol, that she was suddenly seized by an illness from which she was destined never to recover.

M. Merville, a French actor, more than eighty years of age, on his recent retirement from the stage, was presented by the Minister of State with an annuity of 1,000 francs. The sum is not much but doubtless it is very acceptable.

Several versions of the old Scottish story of which Effie Deans was the heroine, are starting up in England—all more or less resembling the parent stock.

Miss Emma Stanley (who has secured the services of Mr. W. Corbyn as agent) was giving the "Seven Ages of Woman" in the English counties. She had already completed an engagement of twenty-four nights at Birmingham, and was "up" for a number of towns, where the popular cry promised to be like that of the gallant hero of Flodden field—"On, Stanley, on!"

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keene, after a sucessful engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Glasgow, had announced themselves for a series of readings at the City Hall, in the same place.

Ira Aldridge, the "African Roscius," is in London, just returned from his foreign tour. He is re-engaged to appear at Moscow, on the 22d of April, and will act soon after that date, at Pultowa, the scene of the famous battle.

Miss Rose Howard, and Mr. H. Watkins (who are now billed as Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins) were at the Queen's Theatre, Hull, England.

Wallett had been re-engaged at Newsome's Circus, Leicester.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.......Sole Proprietor and Manager.
BEST BILL OF THE SEASON.
MONDAY, March 30, and every evening during the week.
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
Charley Fox, Nelse Seymour,
Frank Brower, Cool White,
C. Henry, C. G. Lockwood,
J. W. Glenn, H. Schwicardi,
Isaacs Brothers, J. Garatagua, E. Haslam, J. Leis, M. Lewis,
Little Bobby, &c., as
HANDY ANDY,
THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT,
THE BROADWAY BELLE,
THE LAND OF FREEDOM,
OTHELLO, LA PERCHE EQUIPOISE,
OUR AFRICAN COUSINS, &c.
Doors open at 6¾; commence at 7¾ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY............Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS...............Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB............Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, and during the week.
ANOTHER SPLENDID PROGRAMME.
First week of the great Moral Drama of
THE STRANGER.
The Stranger........E. Bowers. | Mrs. Haller....Archy Hughes.
Last week of the CARTE DE VISITE.
First week of the inimitable ARCHY HUGHES,
In an entirely new Dance.
J. WHITING, in new Banjo Solos.
First week of
THE DUEL AND RECONCILIATION.
New Songs, Acts, Dances, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 51-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 30.
ANOTHER NEW DRAMA.
First night of the new Spectacular Drama of
SADAK AND KALESRADE;
OR,
THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.........as....................Dum Dum.
MRS. W. G. JONES...........as....................Kalesrade.
New Scenery, New Effects.
The Piece of
RAISING THE WIND.
MR. G. C. Boniface...........as................Jeremy Diddler.
Second time of the
INCHCAPE BELL,
With the whole strength of the Company. 51-
TUESDAY EVENING—Benefit of MR. GEO. LINGARD.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager,.............WM. WHEATLEY.
Engagement of MATILDA HERON, for a limited period, and re-production of the Great Play of the Age,
EDITH;
OR, THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,
Dramatized from Mrs. Wood's novel of
EAST LYNNE,
By Benj. E Wolf, Esq., of Boston, which, when originally presented some three months since at this Theatre, met with a success which stamped
MATILDA HERON
AS THE FIRST ACTRESS OF AMERICA.
Her personation of the character of LADY EDITH having been pronounced by the
PRESS AND PUBLIC,
As fully equal to her great rendition of CAMILLE, and embodying in its phases one of the grandest ideas ever given to the world in the history of true repentance.
New Scenery, Dresses and Appointments,
AND THE
MOST PERFECT CAST
Yet given this Drama in any part of the country.
MONDAY March 30, and every evening,
Will be performed the Great Drama of
EDITH; OR, THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.
Lady Edith..............................MATILDA HERON.
And a powerful cast of Characters.
Seats secured three days in advance.
Box Book open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 51-

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.
THIS WONDERFUL YOUNG ARTISTE
Has just concluded a highly successful Engagement of
TEN WEEKS
At the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.
Her great representation of
MAZEPPA,
Kept the boards for
FIFTY NIGHTS!!
She will commence at
PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, CINCINNATI,
On Monday, March 30th, in
MAZEPPA,
Which will be produced in a style of splendor and magnificence
NEVER EQUALLED IN AMERICA. 50-2t*

ERIN GO BRAGH.
ATTENTION, IRISHMEN.
Change of Scenery and Songs this Week.
MAC EVOY'S HIBERNICON:
OR,
A TOUR IN IRELAND,
AT HOPE CHAPEL, 720 BROADWAY,
Commencing at 8 o'clock every evening.
The magnificent Scenery of the North and West, together with Dublin, Wicklow, and all the Principal Cities of the North and interior of Ireland, Illustrated from the Irish Melodies by
ERIN'S GIFTED DAUGHTERS, the
MISSES KATE, MARIE, and THERESA MAC EVOY.
Also, by the Popular young Vocalist,
MASTER S. MAC EVOY,
Who will represent
BARNEY, THE GUIDE.
Lecturer...............................Professor MAC EVOY.
Musical Director.......................CHARLES MAC EVOY.
Admission 25 cents; Children 15 cents.
MATINEE THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. 51-1t

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THE GREAT INSTITUTION OF THE AGE.
The only place of Amusement in America nightly presenting A STOCK COMPANY composed exclusively of STAR ARTISTS. Since the opening of this popular theatre, it has been the GREAT DESIDERATUM of intellectual amusement seekers. The only establishment presenting a performance combining all the best and most popular features of
OPERA,
MINSTRELSY,
DRAMA,
BURLESQUE,
GYMNASTICS, &c., &c.
Week after week its popularity has increased, while dozens of imitators (some with old ideas, some with new ideas, but the majority with no ideas at all) have sprung up like manna in the night, and died just as quickly. It stands firmly fixed on an
IMMOVABLE BASIS—
THE POPULAR WILL.
The talent of the world is at our command.
EVERY GREAT AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN STAR APPEARS FIRST AT
THE AMERICAN THEATRE, 444 BROADWAY.
Never in the history of public Amusements has there been seen upon one stage and at one time such a list of superior artists as are now performing here. Mark
C. E. COLLINS,
The World-renowned Comedian, Comic Vocalist, and Dancer, pronounced by the Press and the Public of Great Britain to be
THE GREATEST COMIC ARTIST OF THE AGE.
This opinion has been fully endorsed by the Public of New York.
First week of the engagement of
TONY PASTOR,
The Greatest Comic Singer, Clown, Jester, and Burlesque Orator of the age.
T. L. DONNELLY,
The greatest Irish Comedian of the day.
MISS FANNY FORREST,
The American favorite. The Queen of Song.
CHARLEY WHITE,
The master delineator of the "Colored Man."
J. WAMBOLD, R. HART, CHARLEY GARDNER,
GEORGE WARREN, T. G. RIGGS, MASTER TOMMY,
The world renowned Negro Comedians.
In their side splitting acts.
THE SCHULTZE SISTERS,
The accomplished Dancers and Vocalists.
MISS FRANCES LE ROY,
The beautiful Actress and Vocalist.
Miss MILLIE FLORA. AUGUSTA WALBY, Mdlle. LOUISE,
Md'lle BERTHA, MARY BLAKE,
With the
SPLENDID CORPS DE BALLET,
Under the direction of the great Maitre de Ballet,
MONS. PAUL BRILLIANT.
NOTICE.—Numerous Novelties in the course of readiness for speedy production. 51-tf

GREAT SUCCESS
OF MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL'S
GRAND DRAWING ROOM AND NOVELTY TROUPE,
whose chaste and elegant performances are nightly received with shouts of applause and admiration, accompanied by the
CELEBRATED COLUMBIAN BAND.
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EUGENE THEODORE.......................Leader of Orchestra
O. P. PERRY........................Principal Cornet a Piston
HERR STRATE...Pianist
MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
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The above is the most talented and versatile company in the United States, either as Pantomimists or Comedians. Communications from proprietors of Theatres, &c., to be addressed
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ACADEMY OF MUSIC—BROOKLYN.
GRAND GALA WEEK,
Commencing
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 6.
Mr. and Mrs,
BARNEY WILLIAMS
respectfully announce four performances, to take place at the Academy of Music, on
MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
THURSDAY,
and FRIDAY,
April 6, 8, 9 and 10,
on which occasions they will appear in several of their most popular
DRAMAS
AND
FARCES.
assisted by a company of talented artistes, selected from the metropolitan theatres.

MDLLE GALETTI.—
The Business Agent of this great Artiste is
MR. F. RULLMAN,
To whom all communications must be addressed, at his Musical, Dramatic, and Terpsichorean Agency,
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ALLEGHANIANS
AND SWISS BELL RINGERS;
AFTER A GRAND TOUR IN AUSTRALIA
AND OTHER PLACES,
Are now fulfilling Engagements in the
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ROUND TOP CANVASS,
FOR SALE.
Sixty feet in diameter and in good order. Will be sold cheap as the owner has no use for it, not being in the circus business. Address box 152, Pittsburgh, Pa. 51-

F. RULLMAN'S MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, and TERPSICHOREAN AGENCY,
63 East 14th street, cor. Union Square and 4th Avenue, N. Y. None but FRST CLASS ARTISTS, and thoroughly responsible Managements negotiated with. All letters and applications must enclose a stamp for reply. Terms will be forwarded when requested. 51-

UNION THEATRE. "LEAVENWORTH," KANSAS.—Wanted, immediately for the above theatre, A FIRST CLASS Leading Juvenile and Light Comedy Lady. Passage anvanced. No ANNA LEAVERINGS need apply. Address J. CONNOR & CO., Agents, 614½ Broadway.

☞ All the new Songs and Sketches, procured and written to order at this office. Theatrical Wardrobe and Scenery bought and sold. JAS. CONNER & Co., Agents. 51-1t

MDLLE ANNETTA GALETTI.—This sparklingly brilliant Premiere Danseuse. having completed a most successful engagement at Niblo's Garden, appears for two weeks in Grand Ballet, at the Boston Academy of Music, commencing Monday, evening, March 30; after which she will either remain to appear with Maretzek's Italian Opera Company there, or return to fulfill a brilliant engagement proffered her in New York. 51-

QUEER, QUAINT, AND QUEERIOUS. For a Racy, Rich, and Rare Article, send 25 cents to
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GEMS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Most Pleasing and Curious. For particulars send for descriptive list. Address JOHN MORAN, Exchange Place, Philadelphia, Pa. 51-1t*

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH. Sent Free.—Address G. G. BERRY, North Stafford, N. H. 51-4t*

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, Mr. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

BILLIARDS.

GOLDTHWAITE VS. DEERY.—The result of the second match at billiards, 1,000 points up, caroms, for $100 a side, played at Chris. Connor's saloon in Union Square, on one of Phelan's tables, on Monday, the 23d ult., was first published in the CLIPPER of last week, but as many of our readers would like to see the figures, we here give them. By a reference thereto, it will be seen that Deery started off with quite a good lead, being about 80 points ahead at the 22d innings, but was brought back to par by Goldthwaite making a run of 72 at his next turn. On the 28th innings they were exactly even. Afterwards, the game fluctuated, now one and then the other being ahead up to the 44th shot, when Goldthwaite took the lead and maintained it to the end, winning eventually by about 250 points. Very few high counts were made, those for Deery being 38, 44, 40, 36, and 41; for Goldthwaite, 39, 72, 36, 31, 65, 56, 39, 43, 85, and 48. The averages were for Deery, 8⅝; for Goldthwaite, 11¼. The game was a slow one, indeed, and very uninteresting to lookers-on in Venice who had no nickels invested, as may be judged by the figures and the length of time (3 hours 13 minutes) taken to run one thousand points; or at the rate of three games of 100 points per hour—about the time taken by average amateur players. This shows that playing for money and playing for fun are two different things. When the former is at stake, great caution is observed, and as much care taken to prevent an adversary from counting, as in trying to increase one's own points. This match, and this game in particular, will cool off somewhat, doubtless, the ardor and enthusiasm evinced by the friends of Goldthwaite, who have set it down as a sure thing for him to win in his forthcoming encounter with Kavanagh, because of his late marvelous runs in playing for fun. Getting into that frame of mind that sets down as already accomplished, that which we are only about to attempt, is a fallacy, and often results in failure, as well as great loss of "pewter." Uncle Sam has found that out in his game of iron and lead ball with Jeff Davis & Co. Deery has had the same experience with Goldthwaite, and Goldthwaite will find the same mare's nest, if, by the flattery and enthusiasm of his friends, he falls into the same deceptive state of mind. Give your opponent, in all cases, full credit for his abilities, and then go in pluckily to defeat him, and victory will more often be secured than when the state of the case is as above stated. When Kavanagh and Goldthwaite do play, we hope they will give as brilliant specimens of their skill as they are capable of, to the end that billiards may flourish, and their own reputation be subserved. A lively, brilliant game of billiards is interesting and attractive to the spectator; the oposite is a bore, as was pretty generally remarked by those who witnessed the one of which the score is here appended:—

GOLDTHWAITE. Shot.	Count.	Total.	DEERY. Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE. Shot.	Count.	Total.	DEERY. Count.	Total.
1	4	4	0	0	45	2	372	65	430
2	0	4	10	10	46	1	373	1	431
3	7	11	6	16	47	3	376	0	431
4	10	21	3	19	48	2	378	3	434
5	4	25	2	21	49	0	378	1	435
6	2	27	0	21	50	2	380	1	436
7	23	50	0	21	51	8	388	3	439
8	6	56	4	25	52	3	391	11	450
9	1	57	4	29	53	13	404	22	472
10	2	59	2	31	54	5	409	23	495
11	38	97	39	70	55	16	425	15	510
12	3	100	0	70	56	10	435	22	532
13	0	100	11	81	57	15	450	0	532
14	0	100	3	84	58	3	453	3	535
15	44	144	3	87	59	0	453	2	537
16	0	144	16	103	60	14	467	19	556
17	0	144	0	103	61	10	477	0	556
18	40	184	3	106	62	9	486	0	556
19	3	187	5	111	63	21	507	12	568
20	0	187	0	111	64	2	509	0	568
21	4	191	10	121	65	0	509	2	570
22	11	202	2	123	66	1	510	3	573
23	0	202	72	195	67	11	521	17	590
24	8	210	7	202	68	9	530	18	608
25	2	212	12	214	69	7	537	56	664
26	12	224	2	216	70	4	541	39	703
27	20	244	23	239	71	14	555	0	703
28	0	244	5	244	72	8	563	22	725
29	5	249	0	244	73	9	572	43	768
30	6	255	2	246	74	12	584	85	853
31	2	257	1	247	75	28	612	0	853
32	13	270	11	258	76	1	613	5	858
33	0	270	8	266	77	16	629	48	906
34	3	273	36	302	78	0	629	16	922
35	17	290	31	333	79	41	670	2	924
36	36	326	0	333	80	26	696	29	953
37	3	329	2	335	81	10	706	2	955
38	5	334	9	344	82	5	711	17	972
39	6	340	0	344	83	14	725	4	976
40	3	343	1	345	84	9	734	7	983
41	0	343	0	345	85	6	740	3	986
42	19	362	9	354	86	2	742	4	990
43	6	368	8	362	87	9	751	11	1001
44	2	370	3	365					

BILLIARD STARS ON A TOUR.—Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, and Goldthwaite are on a missionary tour for the dissemination of billiard knowledge. Last week they put in at Philadelphia, and gave two exhibitions at Sansom Street Hall, the last one on the evening of March 27, at which were present a number of the fair sex. Messrs. Estephe and Kavanagh first played a game at three ball French caroms, forty points up, which the latter won. A game of 500 points up at the American four ball carom game, between the two famous young players, Kavanagh and Goldthwaite, was next in order, which the latter won, after having made runs of 127 and 139. The veteran Phelan and Mr. Chris. Bird then essayed to wield the cue, for a little game of 150 points, which Mr. Bird succeeded in scoring. The stars will twinkle in Baltimore and Washington this week, and those who are lucky enough to get a sight at their way of keeping the balls moving, will assuredly see stars.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

THE "PERFECT CURE'S" COMPLIMENTARY SPARRING BENEFIT.—In response to our "call for volunteers" last week to vote for the eccentric Johnny Aaron, a whole string of the right sort dropped in, with "I've come to leave my name to spar for Johnny Aaron." The names, indeed, were so numerous that we had to stop the rush, and finally, to put them all on the same footing, bade them show their good-looking faces at Mozart Hall next Thursday. Several distinguished men have taken great interest in this affair for a variety of reasons—one gentleman alone taking $20 worth of tickets—and we anticipate a perfect jam for the Perfect Cure. If Johnny's set-to with Barney Aaron isn't worth fifty cents, we are no judges, that's all. Many boxers who have not appeared for years will step out and don the buckskin for this night only. Old Tovee will probably put 'em on with some of the youngsters "in tights," as a special indication of what he thinks about Johnny Aaron. Altogether there promises to be a jolly time of it. Remember, it comes off at Mozart Hall, 659 Broadway, on Thursday evening, April 2nd. Cards of admission 50 cents, to be had at all sporting houses, at the door, and at the CLIPPER office.

BEN GRIFFITHS TO DICK MORGAN.—BEN WANTS ANOTHER SHY AT DICK.—In our paper of March 14 appeared a challenge from Morgan, in which it is promised that if Griffiths will accept, he will put up $50 as a deposit right away. Here is Griffiths's rejoinder:—

POTTSVILLE, Pa., March 22.

EDITOR CLIPPER—In reply to the over-anxious Richard Morgan, alias Dick Daley, I beg to state that I am ready to meet him anywhere between Pottsville and Philadelphia, for $500 a side, but no more: neither will I fight for less. If Dick will send his brag deposit to the old stakeholder, I will meet him at Tom Williams's, Cambrian House, Railroad street, Pottsville, to draw up articles. I also give him the privilege of naming his own time after the first deposit is up. BENJ. GRIFFITHS.

JIMMY ELLIOTT AND JIM DUNN MATCHED TO FIGHT.—The friends of these two young and talented athletes are to meet this evening (March 30) at 208 Centre street, to put up a deposit and draw up articles for a "go" in the P. R. It will be for either $300 or $500, and catch weight, probably.

WHO NEXT?—The wise men of Great Britain are sorely puzzled about the Unknown about to fight Mace. First off they had it Coburn, then McCoole, then Jim Heenan, and now they say that Ned Price is the man! The next, we suppose, will be our Cabin Boy, (who has had one miff with Mace already) and that will come about as near as any of them. We believe the Unknown to be a "dummy." If such turns out not the case, we shall be agreeably surprised, and acknowledge the corn with a good grace.

SPORTS FOR THE PRESENT WEEK.—On Tuesday, the wrestling match, for $200, betweee Lieut. Ainsworth and Andy Moore. On Wednesday, Con Orem's sparring levee, and on Thursday, Johnny Aaron's complimentary benefit. All to be held at Mozart Hall, and all 50 cents a ticket. "You pays your money and takes your choice."

GRADY'S NIGHT IN BROOKLYN.—Johnny Grady, the sailor boy, intends having an exhibition at Phoenix Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 7th. The wind-up will be a great glove encounter between Mike Nolan and Johnny Grady.

$200 WRESTLING MATCH.—The trial of skill at "wrestling," between Lieut. Ainesworth and Harry Hill's trainer, Andy Moore, is fixed to come off this evening (March 31) at Mozart Hall, 659 Broadway. Hill's match with the lieutenant will probably be about three weeks from date.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,

NEIL BRYANT,	S. C. CAMPBELL,	
W. W. NEWCOMB,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	
DAVE REED,	ROLLIN HOWARD,	
W. L. HOBBS,	G. S. FOWLER,	J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS,	J. MORRISON,	MAST. BURNSIDE,
FRANK LESLIE,	DAN EMMETT,	LITTLE MAC.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Bosnes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 51-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

LON MORRIS,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT.	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
50-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

JUST FROM NEW ORLEANS
AND THE ISLAND OF CUBA.
CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
MAKE WAY FOR
THE GIGANTIC LEADING MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
Also,
COM. FOOT and COL. SMALL,
the two smallest men in the world, outdoing Tom Thumb twenty-five per cent. They are 23 years old, weigh 22 pounds each, and only 28 inches high, admitted to be the greatest curiosity ever brought before the public. They appear in 24 different acts, expressly arranged for them. Just from New Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.
Stage Manager.....J. E. GREEN.
Leader of Brass Band.....C. LAVELLEE.
Musical Director.....J. KELK.
Vocal Director.....G. BIDEAUX.
The company is composed of the following eighteen Artistic and Brilliant
GREAT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.

J. E. GREEN,	GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,
BILLY SWEATMAN,	HARRY SLATE,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,	M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
JOHN KELK,	CALIXA LAVELLEE,
FRED FLORENCE,	A. BERGERORE,
J. CAMILLE,	FLEM ADAMS,
EDWIN HOLMES,	GILBERT POND,
A. S. PRENTISS,	WM. DUBOIS,
GEORGE YOUNG,	SAM P. MARRION,

Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
GRAND BALCONY SERENADES,
Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
OF TEN PIECES.
Manager and General Director,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
Advertising Agent, A. S. PRENTISS. 44-tf

THE GREAT SOUTHERN
CONTRABAND TROUPE,
COMPRISING
TWELVE GENUINE AFRICANS,
Will shortly leave the United States for Europe, where they will give a series of their
UNIQUE AND ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENTS,
IN
GENUINE NEGRO MINSTRELSY,
Embracing Singing, Instrumental Music, Jig Dancing,
And all that is included in legitimate Negro Minstrelsy.
They intend visiting
ENGLAND,
IRELAND,
SCOTLAND,
WALES,
FRANCE,
GERMANY,
And other Continental Nations.
This Troupe has been selected with great care from intelligent Negroes, or contabands, so called, who have preferred to leave their homes in the South to being longer oppressed by
IRON HEARTED TASK MASTERS.
As a Troupe, they are accomplished, intelligent, excellent musicians, and by no means inferior in the dramatic art.
Some of their
IMPERSONATIONS AND DELINEATIONS
ARE BETTER,
MORE REAL AND TRUE TO LIFE,
Than could possibly be given by white artists, as may be readily understood and believed.
The following are the names of this Real Colored Troupe, (no cork about it,) with the names of the Seceded States from whence they came:

PETER JOHNSON	Georgia.
CYRUS BROWN	Georgia.
JOHN TOPP	Virginia.
ANDREW WILLIAMS	Louisiana.
CHARLES MORRIS	Louisiana.
RICHARD LITTLE	Virginia.
WILLIAM D. PORTER	Tennessee.
GEORGE D. TREADWELL	North Carolina.
SAM CLINTON	South Carolina.
CHARES BEECHER	South Carolina.
WILLIAM MURRAY	Alabama.
THOMAS FRELANDO	Tennessee.

THESE COLORED REFUGEES
Have placed themselves under the management of
THOS. BARBER,
To whom all communications on business should be addressed.
Present address, 444 Broome street, N. Y. 50-2t*

CAUTION TO THE PROFESSION,
AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.
We, the undersigned members and attaches of the late Melodeon company, considering it to be our duty for the common interest of the public and profession generally, hereby caution you to beware of one itinerant, mountebank showman, calling himself WM. M. ALLEN, of side-show and trained-monkey notoriety. The above named individual not long since canvassed the Eastern cities, and obtained talent whereby to open a music hall in this city. Things progressed finely for the first week, having cleared a great deal more than expenses, but at the expiration of he week, fares from the East were deducted from salaries, which was not according to agreement; all succumbed, however, without a murmur to his proposals. Believing him to be a gentleman, as he appeared at the time, no suspicions were aroused until, one day last week, he began to secretly dispose of all his available property, under obvious pretences—such as apes, monkeys, side-show trappings, &c., and the self-styled Com. Little, the liliputian bogus Tom Thumb. Mr. T. A. Edwards, the treasurer, is also believed to be implicated in this affair. The above named parties all skedaddled, without any visible cause, last evening, Sunday, March 22d, leaving the company and creditors to "whistle" for their pay. Severa lof the company here have families, and were placed in almost destitute circumstances. Through the kindness of several citizens, some will be able to return to their homes in the East in a few days. We, whose names are annexed, and depending upon our honor, endorse the above statement, trusting that all papers favorable to our calling will pass these gentlemen around.
G. W. KIRBYE, Stage Director.
EDWARD CLEMENTS, Musical Director.
W. L. BLOOMER, Philadelphia.
JAMES FLAKE, Philadelphia.
MAGGIE BOWERS, Philadelphia.
MLLE. HELENA SMITH, Philadelphia.
W. C. MORGAN.
MRS. JULIA MORGAN.
AUGUSTUS MCCHRISTLINE.
WM. BLOOMINSHINE.
Together with a host of others whose names are withheld from the public, such as door-keepers, officers, printers, bill-posters, hotels, &c., &c. 1t

TO MANAGERS OF CIRCUSES.—TH. T. DAY, performing Clown, late of Robinson & Lake's Circus, also of Spaulding & Roger's Great Southern Circus, is now ready to negotiate with Managers for the coming season, at a reasonable salary. Address TH. T. DAY, Athens, Bradford county, Pa. 50-2t*

AMUSEMENTS.

BENE EST RIDERE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now meeting with
GREAT SUCCESS
In all the Western Cities,
On their route to
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. NEWCOOMB,
Avant Courier.
Col. R. BRIGHAM BROWN,
Advertiser and Paragraphist.
Maj. O. UNDERWOOD.
Programme Wrestler,
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man.
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

THE GREAT ORIGINAL
SANFORD, AND HIS STAR COMBINATION,
Have started on their SPRING TOUR, from his Opera House, Harrisburgh, Pa.
This week their route is as follows: Washington, Pa., Monday and Tuesday; Birmingham, Wednesday; at the new Hall, built expressly for SANFORD, at Johnstown, Pa., on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; and on Monday, April 6, at Hollidaysburg.
The name of SANFORD is sufficient guarantee of success, which has always been with him in every City and Town throughout the
UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, and THE CANADAS.
The Programme presented at each place we may have the honor to visit, will be strictly complied with, and a guarantee that all is
ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD,
51-1t* Manager and Proprietor.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND HER FATHER
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
(After a most prosperous season at Niblo's Garden, New York,) will commence their Annual Engagement at the
BOSTON MUSEUM,
On MONDAY, April 6th, 1863, for a term of Five Weeks, when will be produced for the first time on any stage,
THE ROSE OF TYROL,
An Opera written expressly for Miss Richings.
Music by J. Eichberg; Libretto by Wolfe.
To be followed by those great Specialities,
SATANELLA, AND THE ENCHANTRESS.
51-3t AUG. S. PENNOYER, Business Agent.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS!
Composed of the following Talented Artists:—
R. S. RUMSEY, HARRY HAPGOOD, WM. PRICE,

W. H. BROCKWAY,	H. BUTLER,
JULES STRATTON,	O. P. PERRY,
O. H. CARTER,	W. HERMAN,
GEO. WRIGHTMAN,	THOS. DEVERELL,
JAS. GAYNOR,	MASTER HENRY,
CARL SCHTLTZ,	NED WEST.

This Troupe are now on a Tour, and will visit the principal cities throughout the East and West.
The best Quartette,
The best Comedians,
In the Minstrel Profession.
45-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1863. 50-tf

HOWARD ATHÆNEUM,
BOSTON.
Ladies and Gentlemen wishing Engagements for the Spring Season, commencing on or about 11th May—and
☞ STARS wishing nights, will address the subscriber, care of CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway, cor. of Broome.
46-5t HENRY WILLARD, Lessee.

CLAPP, STANLEY & Co.'s, Monster Illuminated
POLOPTICOMORAMA OF THE PRESENT WAR,
Is about leaving New York for a tour in the West, visiting the principal cities.
Managers of Theatres wishing to negotiate for summer months, can address W. B. CLAPP, 197 Broadway. 50-4t*

THE STAR SISTERS—
AUGUSTA AND MARIE,
Having concluded their
HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT AT PITTSBURG,
Next Perform at Washington and Alexandria. 51-1t*

SYRACUSE THEATRE.
The new theatre will shortly open. It has been greatly enlarged, the roof raised, and the Dress Circle enlarged and carried back forty feet, upholstered, decorated and beautified. It will seat comfortably a thousand persons. This theatre will be conducted as a first class establishment. Stars will find it to their advantage to negotiate. Address G. H. BARTON, Stage Manager, Box 978, P. O., Syracuse, or J. Connor, 614½ Broadway. A first class company needed. None but ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability required. 51-2t*

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

A VERY POPULAR and Permenent Troupe, require a good Advertiser, a strictly business Man, well qualified by experience. Address, with full particulars as to lowest terms, former experience, &c., "ZOUAVE,"
51- Newark, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN C. HEENAN in citizens dress, and fighting costume. 25 cents each, and sent post paid by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 51-1t*

J. F. SULLIVAN, BALLADIST and Leading TENOR, is now engaged with Sam Sharpley's Minstrels. His friends will please make a note on't. 50-3t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
Treasurer and Business Manager...J. W. ALLINSON.
THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR THEATRE.
THE MODEL PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT IN PHILADELPHIA,
AND THE
CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
Unparalleled Success of the
Mammoth Troupe of Artists,
Which in point of numbers and professional reputation, has never before been equalled by any other place of Amusement in theatrical history, proving the success of the policy adopted by the Proprietor of the
CONTINENTAL,
Of encouraging all Artists of known and acknowledged ability, regardless of the number, or financial outlay involved.
The patronage bestowed upon these herculean efforts of the Management to please his patrons and maintain the established reputation of this Establishment, has given him renewed courage to further contribute to the people's amusement; and in proof of his intentions, he submits the following array of names, who are acknowledged by the press and the public to LEAD in their respective roles:
The beautiful Star Sisters,
JULIA AND LOLA HUDSON.

MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,	MR. TONY PASTOR,
MISS JULIA PRICE,	MR. JOHN MULLIGAN,
MISS VIOLA CLIFTON,	MR. ANDY LEAVITT,
MISS EMMA LESTER,	MR. DENNY GALLAGHER,
MISS CLARA BERGER,	MR. J. N. CARR,
MISS ELLA WESNER,	MR. W. S. BUDWORTH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD,	MR. HARRY ENOCKS,
MISS KATE HAMILTON,	MR. JOHNNY MACK,
MISS ROSA SMITH,	MR. MIKE MCKENNA,

And a large and efficient Corps of Auxiliaries.
The whole under the immediate direction of
C. MCMILLAN, Stage Manager.
Artists of recognized ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 51-tf

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH,
PHILADELPHIA. PA.
R. FOX.....Sole Lessee.
THE STAR OF THE "CASINO" STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
The Unerring Voice of the Public
PROCLAIMS THAT
FOX'S CASINO, FOX'S CASINO,
Is the most Respectable,
The most Comfortable, and
The most Popular place of Amusement
IN PHILADELPHIA.
"THE COMPANY"
The most Versatile,
The most Talented,
And the Largest,
THAT EVER APPEARED IN ANY MUSIC HALL
In the City.
Whatever is Great in the World of Talent, invariably finds a home at
FOX'S CASINO.
NOTE.—The above popular place of Amusement has now been in the tide of successful operation for upwards of Six Months, under the management of Mr. R. FOX, formerly Proprietor of CANTERBURY HALL, New York, during which period it has earned for itself the name which all other Managers have in vain tried to obtain, viz:
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
Artists of real merit can find good engagements by applying either personally or by letter. Stars liberally treated with.
CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer and Business Manager. 46-tf

LEA'S MELODEON.
GEORGE LEA.....BALTIMORE, MD.....Proprietor.
W. B. CAVANAGH.....Stage Manager.
GRAND OPENING OF THE SPRING SEASON.
JOHN MULLIGAN & ANDREW LEAVITT,
SIGNOR BLISS and SON,
MISS JENNIE ENGLE and BILLIE CAVANAGH.
The above talented artists can be secured by responsible managers for any length of time by applying to George Lea: but it will be useless to trouble them with individual offers, as no attention will be paid to any letters unless addressed to the proprietor of the Melodeon.
In connection with the already named performers now performing at this establishment, are the following:—

Mr. Billy Boyd,	G. M. Miles,	Frank Wood,
Masters Alfred and	Charles Bliss,	John Clusky,
Miss Tilley Forbes,	Miss Maggie Marshall,	M'lle Louisa Bliss,
Miss Louisa Evans,	and	Miss Julia Robinson,

Together with a full and efficient ballet troupe, of twelve young ladies.
WANTED.—Female Dancers and Vocalists, of good personal appearance. Apply as above. 51-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
THOS. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
SAM WELLS.....Musical Director.
SIGNOR ABECCO,
W. O'NEIL,
BILLY BIRCH,
BEN COTTON,
TOMMY PEEL,

SAM WELLS,	W. M. BARKER,
JOE MABBOTT,	T. F. BARNWELL,

MISS JENNIE MANDEVILLE,
MISS ALICIA MANDEVILLE,
AND A CAREFULLY SELECTED VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.
A Varied Entertainment will be offered, consisting of
SINGING, DANCING, WIT AND HUMOR,
BY THE ENTIRE MINSTREL TROUPE.
Also, to be presented,
NEW BURLESQUE EXTRAVAGANZAS, ETC., ETC.,
In which the entire Company will appear.
EVERY SATURDAY,
GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
THE PRICES:
Dress Circle and Orchestra.....$1.00
Parquette.....50 cents. | Gallery.....25 cents.
Private Boxes.....$10.00 and $5.00.
Box Office open from 10 to 4 o'clock. 48-tf

THE NEW IDEA, 485 BROADWAY,
Late Wallack's Theatre.
CHAMBERLAIN & CO., LESSEES.
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT FOR FAMILIES.
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT FOR FAMILIES.
The above named house will open on the 16th of MARCH, with a first class company, in a varied entertainment, embracing the following branches:—
MINSTRELS, BALLET and PANTOMIME.
NOTICE.—All Artists desirous of engagements will address
FOX & CUBRAN, Managers, 485 Broadway.
NOTICE.—TWENTY YOUNG LADIES WANTED FOR THE BALLET. 48-tf

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—Col. ELLINGER challenges the whole world to produce an equal to COMMODORE FOOTE, in age, size, weight, and education. The Commodore wears the "Gold Medal," which stamps him the smallest man alive. He is assisted by his little friend and compeer, Col. SMALL. P. T. Barnum advertises the smallest man and woman in miniature living. This I deny, and challenge him for $40,000, to produce a pair in diminutiveness equal to mine. Letters addressed, care FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER Office, will reach COL. WM. ELLINGER,
50-tf Preceptor Commodore Foote and Col. Small.

PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of KATE BATEMAN, also, as Leah; Maggie Mitchell, Lucille Western, Laura Keene, Caroline Richings, Mrs. John Wood, also in character; A. I. Menken, as French Spy and Mazeppa; Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Isabella Cubas, Fanny Brown, also in character; Webb Sisters, Lavinia Warren, Tom. Thumb, Mr. and Mrs. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, E. Forrest, E. Booth, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Wilkes Booth, Ed. Adams, Lester Wallack, and hundreds of others. 25 cents each, or five for $1. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
51-1t* W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.
GEO. RAYFIELD.....Lessee and Manager.
The Spring Season at this Theatre commences on APRIL 16, 1863, after the most successful Fall Season ever known in Memphis.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession desirous of Engagements, will address B. R. MAGINLEY,
45-tf Acting and Stage Manager, Box 410.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
BOB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
45-3m Proprietors.

MUSARD HALL, OSWEGO, N. Y.—This new, large, and commodious hall is now finished and ready for use. It has all modern improvements for lighting, heating, and ventilation. The Stage is large, and conveniently arranged for Theatrical, Concert, or Lecture purposes. As a concert room, it cannot be excelled: Address JOHN A. BARRY,
44-13t.sb Proprietor Musard Hall, Oswego, N. Y.

C. E. FRANCIS, Wench Dancer and Burlesque prima donna, formerly of Sanford's Opera House, is ready to negotiate with Managers. Address, Media, Delaware county, Pa. 49-4t*

ONLY BILL POSTERS IN BALTIMORE.—J. W. HARPER & Co., No. 3 North st. (basement.) 41-12t*

AMUSEMENTS.

MORNINGSTAR'S EXCELSIOR
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
This Superb Troupe of Ethiopian Melodists are now performing with Unbounded Success, in the Western Cities. Judges of Negro Minstrelsy pronounce this Company well deserving the name of CAMPBELLS.
The following well known gentlemen comprise this Excelsior organization:—

W. E. MANNING,	DAN M. HOLT,
J. H. STOUT,	CLARK GIBBS,
DAN W. COLLINS,	SIGNOR ANGELO,
JOE MAIRS,	FRANK ANGELO,
J. C. MURPHY,	D. ANGELO,
MONS. HAGER,	MASTER HARRY,

MISS FRANK CHRISTIE.
CHAS. A. MORNINGSTAR, Proprietor.
GEO. H. BENTLEY, Agent. 45-

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
J. B. MURPHY,
MARTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 46-tf

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM E. SINN.....Sole Proprietor.
GEO. R. EDSON.....Stage Manager.
Also of
LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE CANTERBURY
Is the
MOST MAGNIFICENT
MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.
None but the
VERY FIRST TALENT
WILL BE ENGAGED
at this
BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability always wanted.
Address to
GEO. PERCIVAL, Business Manager,
Or WILLIAM E. SINN, Proprietor,
50-tf Box 159, Washington, P. O.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,

MRS. JUDAH,	MISS MOWBRAY,
MRS. C. R. THORNE,	MRS. CLAUGHLEY,
MRS. JAS. STARK,	MISS FREDERICKS,
MR. J. B. BOOTH,	MR. L. F. BEATTY,
W. M. LEMAN,	W. C. FORBES,
S. W. LEACH,	FRED FRANKS,
E. THAYER,	H. BROWN,

With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1.00	Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
Parquet.....50 cts	Gallery.....25 cts
Private Boxes.....10 and 5 dollars.	

Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
40-tf Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

DETROIT,
LATE
BELLER'S CONCERT HALL,
THE OLD DRURY OF THE WEST,
And the only place that has always withstood the storm, will
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On or about April 2d.
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